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and their
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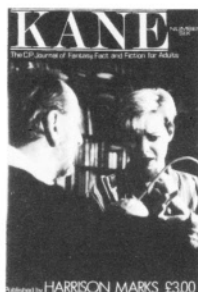
Letters

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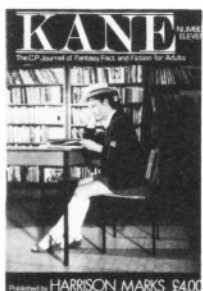
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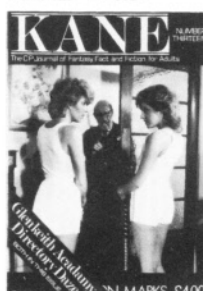
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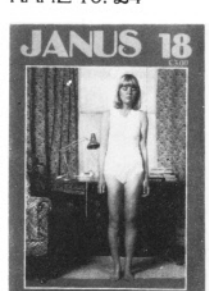
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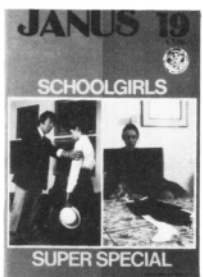
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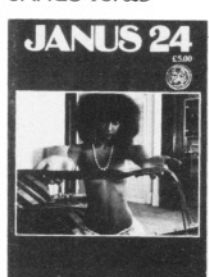
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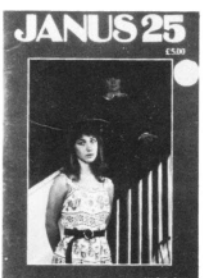
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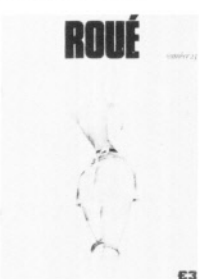
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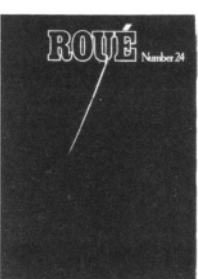
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BATHTIME

Extracts from the 'Tutors' Friend' on the management of girls of a 'certain age', with cautionary notes where applicable.

MODESTY: Along with 'innocence' and 'virginity', modesty is apt to be regarded as a virtue by girls' mothers, and consequently also by the girls themselves if they haven't quite grown up enough to have grasped the realities of life.

REMEDY: A key removed from a bathroom door is a good start, as is the confiscation of knickers, skirts etc. at every opportunity which presents itself. The experienced tutor, entrusted for a day or two with the moral welfare of a pupil, will guard against overmuch modesty in his charge.



Legs a little apart, leaving the inner bits of her thighs moderately accessible.





Bottom still wet, adding to the
slipper's sting!



Protestations; to be ignored!



Bottom pushed out nicely; plainly
this girl is learning!

VIRGINITY: Also regarded by girls' mothers, if slightly less often by the girls themselves, as a 'good thing'. One can, of course, have too much of a 'good thing'.

CHASTITY: A common complication in instances of 'virginity'; easily remedied once the primary symptom has been treated.



OBEDIENCE: Much to be desired in a girl, as often by her parents as by her tutor, whose duty it is to instill in the girl an appreciation of the necessity of obedience. Removal of knickers is recommended, and disciplinary measures should be applied to the buttocks;

- (a) as often as is practicable and necessary
- (b) as frequently as the tutor can get away with it
- (c) so long as no discomfort is felt; by the tutor, that is.

WEeping, pleading, and other demonstrations of feminine frailty: These occurrences are quite usual in the properly disciplined girl and are nothing to worry about.

Protestations of innocence (see 'modesty' in another context) should be ignored, whereas promises to be 'good' should be noted, qualified and, where sufficiently entertaining, put to the test.

LETTERS HOME: Don't let her write any!

The illustrations appearing throughout the remainder of this publication should be perused with a view to gaining familiarity with punishment proceedings and so on. The various passages of fiction may further stimulate the imaginative processes in the intending tutor keen to advance in his profession.





A word with you.....!

if you are considering contributing to 'Blushes'

Looking forward to publications planned for 1984, we should be particularly interested to receive contributions on the following themes:

Girls in uniform
Girls in institutions
Gym, track and field events (Girls only)
Nostalgia, ephemera and memorabilia
The feminine point of view (Hard research please – no exotic flights of fancy)

ARTICLES AND FICTION. Not more than 2000 words if possible.

PHOTOGRAPHIC. Good quality colour transparencies (70mm preferred) Black and white photographs, negatives if possible (70mm/35mm)

ILLUSTRATIONS. Drawings in almost any medium will be considered with interest.

REMUNERATION. Payment will be 'on acceptance' not 'on publication' and will be at a substantially higher rate than the contributor in this field may have become used to. Copyright on all material will be deemed to have passed to Blushes on payment of the agreed fee.

VIDEO. Filming locations of character (with permission to film) will be needed for productions planned for 1984/85. Photographs of suggested locations would be useful.

Gentlemen who know which end to hold a cane, and who might be interested in helping out on various video productions, should contact the editor. Lady readers similarly interested (either end of the cane) are also invited to contact the editor. All are assured that confidences will be respected.

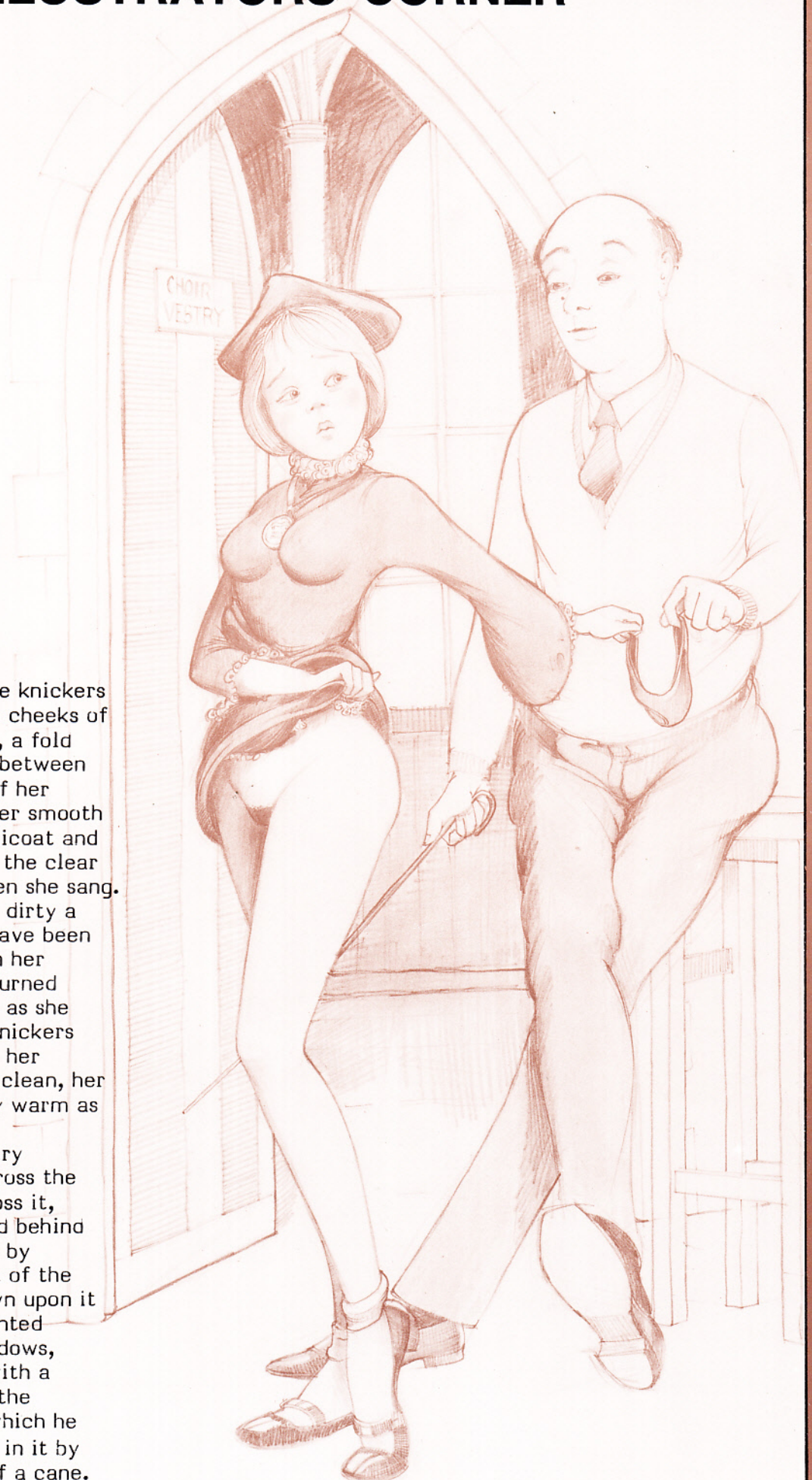
LETTERS. Letters intended for possible publication will be welcomed. In no circumstances whatsoever will full names or addresses of correspondents be published.

ILLUSTRATORS' CORNER

CHOIR PRACTISE

Watching the soft serge knickers slipping down from the cheeks of her pale young bottom, a fold detained momentarily between the full togetherness of her buttocks, the look of her smooth skin against white petticoat and navy knickers was like the clear purity of her voice when she sang. 'Virgin' was almost too dirty a word; 'angelic' might have been closer, especially when her bright, innocent eyes turned back over her shoulder as she reached out with her knickers held in her small hand, her fingernails beautifully clean, her fingers soft and faintly warm as they touched his.

The chair in the vestry scraped mournfully across the tiles as he put her across it, long bare legs extended behind her, bottom positioned by chance so that the last of the evening sun struck down upon it via a square of ruby-tinted glass in one of the windows, bathing her buttocks with a glow which portended the similarly rosy colour which he was about to engender in it by judicious application of a cane.



THE VICTIM

If you stood too close to the pool you could get pretty wet, so sitting back against the wall on a bench was the sensible way to oversee the schools to oversee the school's senior relay team at training.

Letting the girls swim up and down the pool was one way of building stamina, but rather unexciting since it meant they - and therefore all the bits of them one would find most interesting - were in the water all the time. Far better to have them swim a length, clamber out - wet tits against the edge of the pool, since there were no steps at the deep end, firm young hips hauled out of the water, tummies across the coping stone, bottoms up in the air - then run back to the shallow end and dive in again. Naturally they had to pass the bench, their damp bums bouncing inside clinging costumes as they ran.

Once it was organised, one could sit back and simply watch - or choose.

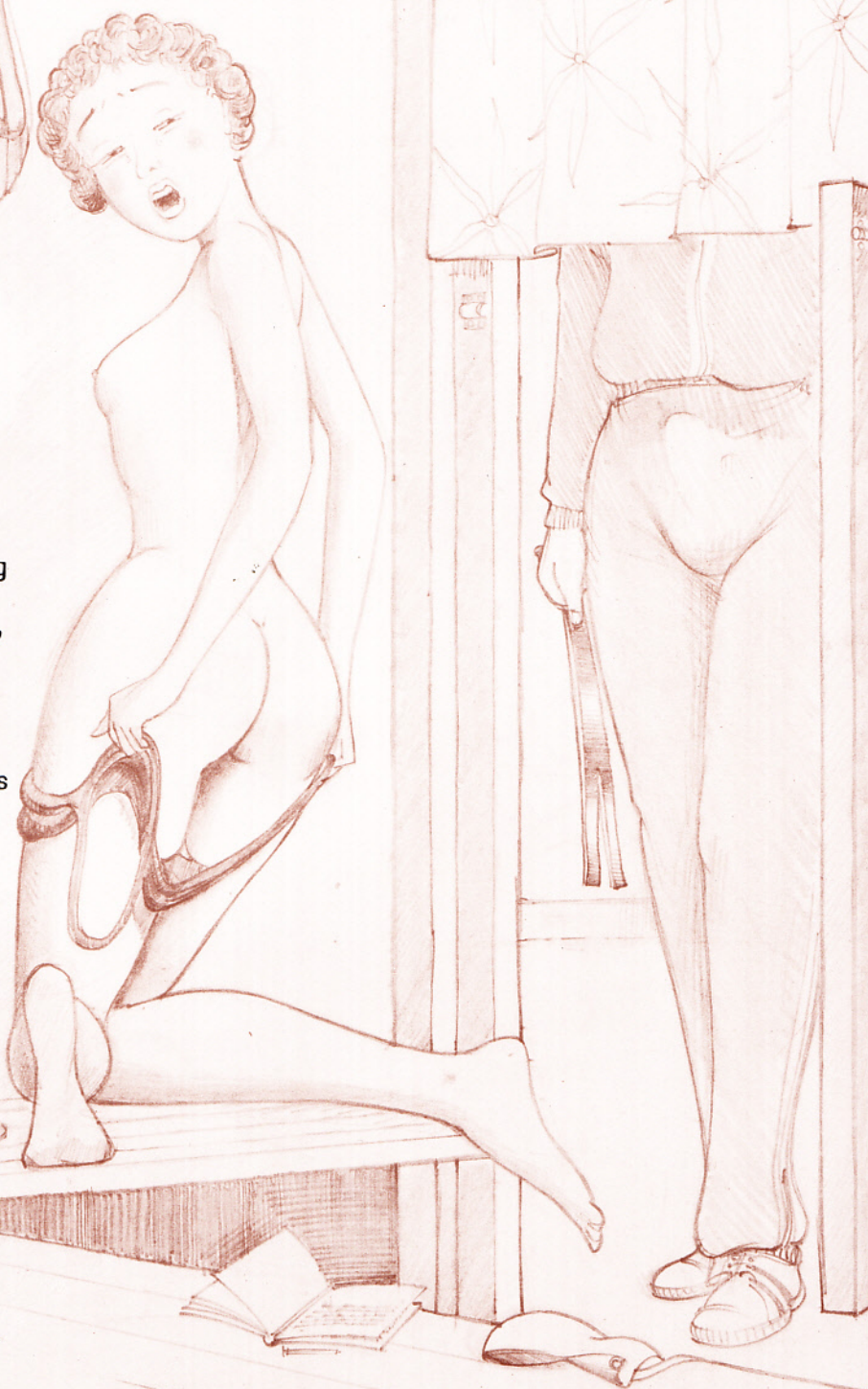
'Come on, Carol!'

A word or two each time the selected bottom bobbed past, and during the course of the session a purely fabricated suggestion of idleness in the chosen girl could be built up into a reasonable excuse to have her stay behind in her changing cubicle afterwards while the slipper was fetched from the store room.

A worried face peeping from behind the cubicle curtains; half-dried thighs; still-wet costume warming against her body; damp material peeled down from wet-shining buttocks -

Well now, which one of these little sweethearts is it going to be?

'Come along Linda - put your back into it girl!'



A blue-skied day is declining into a still evening, trees stand as silent sentinels along the railway track which skirts the bottoms of neat, rectangular suburban gardens, and sounds carry further than usual on the calm air. A man on a bicycle rides slowly along the footpath which is squeezed between concrete-posted wire netting beside the railway and the mostly dilapidated fences which line the uniformly-sized plots of green lawn with their variegated flowerbeds, tall wigwams of bean poles, wooden sheds and general end of the garden clutter.

From somewhere comes the squeal of an excited child, and several flat-sounding noises, indefinite and unaccounted for by anything the man can see over the fences. From somewhere comes the cry of an excited child, and then there is another sound, a frightened squeal close at hand. The sound of an ill-fitting window being closed firmly floats to his ears, seeming loud in the stillness.

The cycling man continues sedately along the pathway, the intermittent burr of a hand-propelled lawn mower breaks into the quiet, and distantly there comes the whine of an electric train as it rounds a curve some half a mile back along the line.

Behind the hastily closed window, prostrate across the end of yellow quilted bed, a wild-eyed girl in her mid teens gasps frantically and clutches at the eiderdown with scrabbling fingers, feeling the quivery touch of a cane's cool finger brush teasingly up round the curve of her bottom-cheeks, loitering out of her sight but not by any means out of the orbit of her awareness, waiting for her to wriggle back into the required bottom-high position so that it's pain-lending length can donate a further reddening weal to the fund of minutely blistered stripes which already cuddle her bottom in their heated embrace.

"C'mon, c'mon – lift up – get it up nice and high Amanda."

He coaxes quietly, not hurrying her, interested to see only that she obeys him eventually, and does lift her flinching young bottom up to meet the cane – how long it actually takes her to do it is really not important – she has half an hour to learn to get it right.

Dubiously, with wet-eyed glances over her shoulder and with involuntary little jerks of her hips as she senses the eagerness with

A ROOM WITH YELLOW CURTAINS

which the cane waits upon her bottom's reluctant presentation of itself, the girl braces her toes against the floor and hollows her back, elevating her nervous bum-cheeks while keeping her tummy down against the bed, her pert buttocks plumping out apple round as they offer themselves up in all their naked helplessness.

"Come along now Amanda –" The cane taps encouragingly across the crowns of her cheeks. The girl whimpers in fearful anticipation but pushes out her bottom another despairing half inch, trembling as the cane flicks teasingly across its fastidiously selected aiming point, gasping in a breath as the light contact retreats from her warm-skinned cheeks and hangs Damoclean in the air behind her.

"Up, Amanda – keep it up!"

"Yes sir –" she whimpers, struggling not to jerk away at this very last moment, and the rest of her breath escapes her lips in a startled squeal as the cane stoops from shoulder height to meet the firm, defenceless under-curve of her plumply helpless bum.

Several trains lumber along the railway behind the row of houses, and then from the window of one a pale face looks out; a girl, counting houses from the end of a street and deciding that those yellow-curtained windows must mean that is her tutor's house. She looks away, back into the carriage, and edges her skirt nearer her knees as a man opposite looks at her legs. The train slows for the station and the girl gets up, feeling the man's eyes on her hips. She gets out at the station and slams the door behind her and runs up the stairs of the footbridge. She shows her return ticket and hurries out of the station, suddenly acutely conscious of her bottom and the navy knickers close round it's plumpness. She gulps as she adds up the

minutes to when those knickers will probably be coming down – half an hour at the outside. She slows her pace as she turns left out of the station forecourt and goes unhappily along the road towards the house with the yellow curtains.

Another train leaves the station and rumbles along the track which passes the bottom of the gardens; it's electric moaning recedes into the distance. The lawn-mower is still being pushed up and down the same small grass oblong, and a boy on a bicycle is clinging one-handed to the wire fence bordering the railway, his feet still on the pedals, watching the trains go by.

Amanda probably hasn't heard the train's passing – she is really only aware of two things; the smart in her bottom and the presence of the cane somewhere behind her, once again waiting for her tender young buttocks to elevate themselves to the required position.

The waspish tip of the cane stings the back of one firm thigh and Amanda gasps urgently and pushes her hips up off the bed.

'Flick - flack - flick!' She clutches at the backs of her legs and collapses against the yellow eiderdown, her face buried in its tear-dampened softness. She bleats miserably, for a moment seeming almost to have forgotten that it's bottoms canes are really meant for, not the backs of girls' thighs who won't lift their bums up properly when they're told to.

'Up, Amanda – come on now, get that bottom up!'

'Ooh - ooooh - ooo!' With hesitant starts and as many nervous retreats, Mandy pulls her knees up under her and hollows her back, pushing her cane-marked bottom out behind. Her tender buttocks tweak together fitfully – she strains her head round to catch sight of the cane but doesn't see it before it arrives with a solid, meaty sound across both her elevated bum-cheeks.

She squeals and falls forward on the bed again, her hands covering her face, her bottom bouncing as she worms her hips against the bed. Her tutor stands back and runs his eyes over the crimsoned stripeiness of the girl's bum and decides that probably she has had enough of the cane for this visit. As if responding to a cue, the door bell rings downstairs. Amanda seems not to have noticed it – her tutor leaves her just as she is and goes cheerfully downstairs to answer the door.

APRIL



It was one of those wet afternoons that September can bring as a reminder that summer has slipped into autumn. Rain rattled intermittently against window panes and in the lofty room which Basil utilised as his one-pupil classroom an old-fashioned gas fire hissed quietly, its pipe-clay burners glowing cherry-red. There was a smell of chalkdust and furniture polish, and the light from the tall french windows, filtered through the leaves of an unkempt rhododendron bush outside, lent a greenish cast to the room's bare, cream-washed walls. The classroom was at the back of the house, away from the noise of traffic along the busy road at the front – away too from busy-body neighbours, screened by the rhododendrons and a large holly tree beside the garden fence. Whatever Basil might want to keep secret from the

world at large could be kept secret in that secluded room.

He sat at his desk, elevated on a low dais, and checked through essays done as homework by other of his pupils, and looked now and then to see that his one presently resident pupil, April, was working steadily at the task she had been set. Once he caught her eye as she peeped up at him from beneath her corn-coloured fringe – immediately she bobbed her head down and her pen scratched industriously across her exercise book. He watched her a moment longer, glanced up at the clock on the wall, then went back to his marking.

Distantly, from the depths of the big house, came the sound of a ringing telephone. The girl looked up but instantly bent back to her work as her tutor slipped out of his chair. His shoes clumped across the rooms polished boards and he went to answer the summons; only when his footsteps had faded did his pupil dare stop writing and lift up her head.

She pushed a stray strand of hair back from her face and kept her wide blue eyes on the open door, listening. From far away came the murmur of conversation – she put her pen down and eased the stiffness in her slim fingers and stretched her legs under her desk, her black strapped shoes scraping their heels against the floor. Still she listened, and kept her eyes on the long hallway beyond the classroom door, then she slid her bottom off the bench-type seat she had spent most of the last two hours sitting on and tip-toed across to a row of hooks beside the door where her cardigan hung next to her grey skirt. From a pocket she took a sweet, unwrapped it and put the crinkly cellophane back into the pocket, and tip-toed back to her place after a cautious glance along the hall.

The bits of her bottom left bare by her knickers squeaked faintly against the wood as she slipped onto her bench – she popped the sweet into her mouth and sucked it. Footsteps coming from the hall had her picking up her pen in a flutter and she was writing determinedly when her tutor reappeared, "April!"

"Oh – yes sir?" She stood up instantly the sweet pushed into one cheek, not forgetting to hook her fingers in the waistband of her knickers and yank them down to the tops of her thighs, a little ritual of Basil's to be performed when-



ever a girl was spoken to. "Whenever I speak to you you are to stand up, and whenever you stand up, I shall expect to see your knickers come down." Her blouse stopped short of her little triangle of pubic hair, and her knickers of course afforded her no modesty in that respect. Basil's glance dipped to where her pants had been.

"And – your guardian's wife would like to speak to you. You may take the call in my study."

"Yes sir –" She brushed at her hair again and tugged at her tie.

"April –" The tone of his voice startled her. Her eyes widened.

"Y-yes sir?"

"Are you eating something?"

"N-no sir!" The lie tripped off her tongue before she could stop it, but the blush that rose in her cheeks gave her away, as it always did.

"Come here!"

She went, hesitantly, one hand fussing nervously at the ruck of maroon knickers around the top of a leg.

"Open your mouth!"

Her moist pink lips parted, her white teeth opened, and there it was, of course. A tight red oval of raspberry, sucked smooth and shiny.

Basil took a sheet of paper from his desk and held it up to her face. She pushed the sweet out with her tongue, and it plopped to the paper.

"Go and speak to Mrs. Oliver."

"Yes sir." April scurried away, her bare little bottom bouncing pink above her pulled down pants.

She was gone three or four minutes, and then her returning footsteps came hesitantly along the hall, slowing as she approached the classroom door. Her flushed cheeks as she entered the room said plainly that she knew exactly what was about to happen next.



The rain had stopped, although big, heavy droplets still slid now and then from the broad leaves of the rhododendron outside the classroom window.

The gas fire continued to hiss cimplacently and it maintained the comfortable temperature in the high-ceilinged room – its bright fumes, however, were no longer the only red-glowing sources of warmth in the classroom.

Basil's exertions had left him temporarily out of breath, and his face was somewhat heightened in colour – April's bottom-cheeks though thoroughly outdid his mildly flushed complexion – her young buttocks, which had been methodically strapped with a double-tailed tawse on and off for almost fifteen minutes, had inevitably developed a healthy rubescent glow difficult to match.

Gasping back great soul-felt sobs, bottom-up across her desk, April's hips still squirmed fitfully as she clutched alternately at the backs of her thighs and the hot-skinned chubbiness of her bum cheeks, tears flooding down her cheeks and pattering to the floor amongst the damp spatter of all the other tears she had shed in the past quarter of an hour.

The strap swinging against his leg, Basil deliberately paced the length of the room, turning in front of the blackboard and retracing his

steps. April's panting accelerated in panic as she heard her tutor's heavy footfalls returning – she strained up into a position where she could see over her shoulder, wild eyes seeking first the strap and then his face, lips mouth-ing incoherent pleadings that there would be no more strapping, her bottom mutely adding its own quivery plea by flinching at the sound of each approaching footfall.

Basil scraped a shoe across the boards, slipping his toe underneath the maroon school knickers which April had kicked off in her struggles, and lifted them a few feet in the air so that they landed with a sorry plop in front of the french-windows. A button from the girl's blouse crunched under his foot as he stopped directly behind his sobbing pupil.

"Please, please, please –" The words were whispers pathetic in their timidity, her head drooping down again on the far side of the desk as if in resignation, her bottom shivering convulsively as it waited in abject submission for the strap to 'thwack' across its crimson latticed sauciness again.

With his shoe Basil nudged her feet wider apart and she responded by straightening her legs so that the firm muscles in her thighs and calves plumped up under her smooth skin, her toes pushing obediently against the floor. She started as he ran his hand over the hot, trembly bounciness of her punished buttocks, their warmth alive under his palm. He stroked the inside of a thigh, then ran an experimental digit down the moist fold at the conjunction of her legs. He felt her quiver and withdrew his hand, but noticed that she had lifted her hips a fraction and stretched her legs half an inch further apart, her back hollowed and her bottom tilted up as though the touch of his fingertip had prompted her to sudden unexpected eagerness to please.



He realised that her sobbing had ceased; indeed she seemed to be holding her breath. He waited and saw the tension in her body slowly relax, her thighs drifting together a little, her hips subsiding against the desk top. He rested his hand on the back of a leg and slid it slowly up towards her bottom, feeling the tautness returning to her thigh muscles. With the tip of a finger he brushed her there again, as before, and again she lifted her hips a fraction. Which was odd, really, because he had never taught her to do that – and if he hadn't then someone else obviously had.

"Um – you may get up now, April." The girl's sigh of relief was readily audible. She scrambled to her feet, turning to face him with breasts bobbing free of her unbuttoned blouse, her eyes avoiding his as she straightened her lop sided tie and fiddled with the blouse's remaining buttons. "Put your essay on my desk and go and tidy yourself up. I shall want to see you back here for maths in half an hour."

"Yes sir –" April scurried across the room to reclaim her knickers, strapped bottom brilliant crimson by contrast with the white of her school skirt. She scampered out of the room with her knickers clutched in her hand, and then returned a moment later to snatch her skirt and cardigan from their hooks beside the door. "S-sorry, sir –" Several sweets fell from the cardigan's pocket – with a despairing gasp April fled.

Basil put his strap down and picked up one of the sweets. Sucking reflectively he pondered the fact of April's apparent understanding of what might be required of a girl spreadeagled half-naked across a desk, once her strapping had been accomplished. Presumably she had been obliged to accommodate whoever it had been who had punished her on other occasions. Such innocent naivette simply begged to be exploited.

TEA-TIME IN THE PARLOUR

Domesticity doesn't come naturally to every girl.



It's not easy to look grown up with
your knickers round your knees!

KATIE....

Katie's return from her weekend away brought home a girl who, in her quiet, watchful, almost respectful manner, might have been an entirely different person from the rebellious-spirited teenager who had departed so cockily on the previous Friday evening. Collected at the station early on Sunday evening, she humped her one small suitcase into the back seat of the car and then sat beside her uncle in the front for the fifteen minute drive to the house. She was subdued, careful not to initiate conversation yet unusually polite when spoken to, looking for the most part through the windscreen but paying attention in an almost studied way when her uncle made casual observations and asked questions of her about her two days at Grogmore House. She kept



KATIE....

her hands in her lap, her pleated skirt dipping down between her thighs as she nervously interlaced her fingers and untangled them over and over.

Once at the house she asked to be allowed to change out of her uniform, but her uncle said he wanted to see her in his study – she could take her luggage upstairs and have a wash but she was to come straight down again. Katie didn't argue – even that was odd; in the normal way she would have stamped her foot and insisted upon having her own way. Instead she lugged her case up the stairs and into her bedroom, dashed some water on her face and appeared in the study looking fresh and pink cheeked. Warily she stood just inside the door with her hands behind her back – not slouched impudently





KATIE....

against the doorframe as she might ordinarily have presented herself, had she presented herself at all, but standing demurely upright, her feet together, her eyes watchful but without the bright challenge about them which had so frequently been there of late.

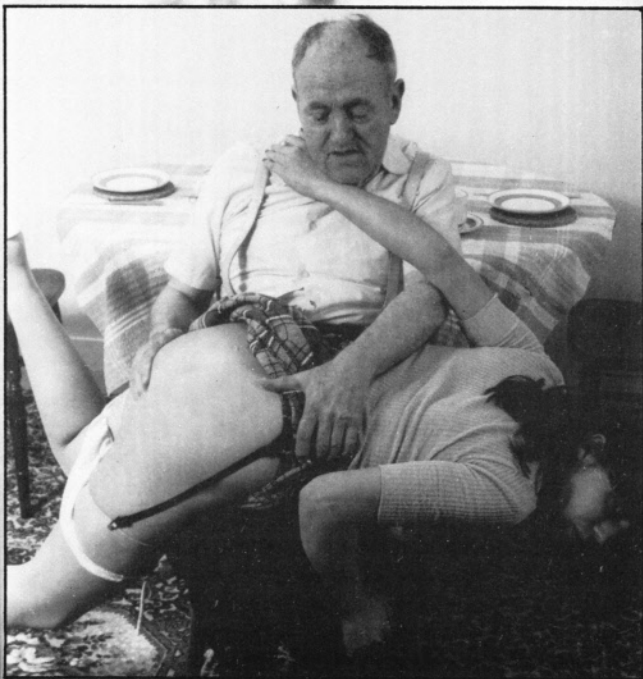
"I understand you had a little set-to with Mr. Warrender, Katie. Is that so?"

"Er - yes." She pushed a stray strand of hair out of her eyes, looking embarrassed.

"I further understand that you came off somewhat the worse. Hmm?"

Katie said nothing, though her rueful expression confirmed her tutor's telephoned report. Her uncle twirled his finger in the air.





KATIE....

"I think I should like to be allowed a glimpse of the battlefield. Perhaps you'll show me."

"P-pardon -?"

"Turn round, Katherine, and show me your bottom."

A week ago such an instruction would have been greeted by a derisive giggle – this evening Katie's skirt slipped obediently up over her hips and her long-ago discarded navy knickers brought back into service on the advice of the tutor to whom she had been sent, were peeled rather reluctantly down off the impudent pertness of her buttocks.

Even from across the room, the swathe of cane marks underscoring the round-

KATIE....

ness of her bum cheeks was very evident. Enthralled at the sight – one he had never seen before, although he had often enough imagined it in moments of vengeful frustration – Katie's uncle gazed at the still reddened marks whilst a grin, perhaps of triumph, spread across his face. Peeping shyly over her shoulder – before this past weekend she hadn't ever allowed any man to see her naked bottom – Katie watched him anxiously. Leaving her just as she was – and why not – to reflect on the events of the past couple of days, Katie's uncle opened the brown envelope containing Mr. Warrender's written report which he had sent home with the girl.



APRIL

That evening at about seven o'clock, April's guardian had 'phoned. He had called, he said, only to make sure that all was well – in the next ten minutes however, he had led the conversation onto a discussion of the various punishments Basil had found it necessary to inflict upon April's tender bottom, and Basil, who had found himself in the position of 'cane-wielder-by-proxy' on other occasions, realised exactly what the situation actually was.

The man's wife, no doubt, had either caught him in the act of winking April out of her knickers, or had realised that there was more to those 'talkings' to up in the girl's room than she was allowed to know – either way, she had very sensibly insisted that if the girl really needed to be disciplined, then the kind of person to do it was a properly qualified tutor. Basil knew from several telephone conversations with the woman that she had been the prime mover in arranging for April to be sent to him. If he had guessed the details wrong it didn't really matter – the chat with April's guardian convinced him that the fellow was far more interested in what April had inside her knickers than in what Basil's tutoring might put inside her head. Basil wondered how much the man would worry about what he might put inside April. He wouldn't worry too much, probably, so long as he could persuade April to tell him about it. The girl's guardian had asked to speak to April, and from the one side of the ensuing conversation he had heard Basil had realised that the man was delighting in making the little girl give him a first-hand account of everything that had happened to her, in the minutest detail.

At this moment April was standing at the study desk with the 'phone held to her ear with both hands, her cheeks hot crimson as she stumbled over the answers to what were, probably, some rather intimate questions. Every few moments the embarrassed girl glanced timidly across the room at Basil, who had perched himself on the edge of a heavily-built little table, across which scores of girls had, on various occasions, had their bottoms strapped or caned for the first time. April too had become familiar with the rather re-

stricted view of the hearth rug a girl got from the little table whilst waiting for one of Basil's pompous lectures to come to an end before the cane's sprightly length or the strap's cool leather measured itself around the chubbiness of her bare bum.

Basil watched her bright, nervous eyes wander halting around the study as she listened to her guardian, and heard her stumble over the word 'knickers' as she was coaxed into retelling a part of what Basil had already reported. Confused by her tutor's faint smile as she had to say that embarrassing word again, she turned away, her firm young buttocks – naked, because her knickers were draggled at her knees by way of adding to her discomfiture – demurely displaying traces of the several carefully administered punishments she had 'earned' that day.

April was whispering pink-faced into the 'phone – something she would have been even more embarrassed to say if she thought Basil might hear it too – while Basil wondered idly whether the half dozen strap weals across the backs of her legs, grouped about a hand's width below the out-swell of her bum-cheeks, might not take rather more than a day to disappear. They had been quite 'firm' strokes – he could still feel the strap's 'firmness' in his hand as those strokes had met the resilience of her young thighs. But never mind – by the time she was sent home tomorrow evening her bottom too would be sporting plenty more of the same ridgy weals – he always made sure that a girl's final punishment would be something to jog her memory whenever she sat down for the next few days. April's bottom turned suddenly away, the smooth inward curve of her tummy and a neat, dark triangle of hair taking its place. Basil realised that she was trying in her timid way to ask a question of him.

'Hmm?'

'Um – h-he wants to know – er – do I have to be s-strapped any more tonight. He told me to ask you –'

'That depends, April.' She turned away again, looking bewildered, bottom quivering faintly as she moved.

'H-he said "it depends".' She stood nervously erect, listening intently, then peeped guardedly over her shoulder. 'Um – what does it depend on, please?' She blinked, twice, terribly concerned to catch every nuance of the requested answer – presumably her bottom's well-being would in its turn depend upon whatever it 'depended' on. Basil controlled a

twitch in his cheek which threatened to become a grin.

'On whether I decide to cane you instead.'

Blushing rewardingly April stuttered the information into the 'phone. She listened for a moment then held the instrument towards Basil 'He – he wants to talk to you.'

Basil took the 'phone and April sidled away out of reach; her knickers slithered down to her ankles. She stooped to retrieve them and, daringly, she hoisted them all the way up. Surreptitiously she settled around her hips – not that they covered all that much – but Basil's warning glance went at once to the knickers then up to her face. Intimidated, April peeled the little knickers back down at once, right down to her knees where they were supposed to be. She straightened up and stood with her hands at her sides, seemingly near to tears, her freshly-flushed cheeks perhaps indicative of her humiliation at having been so easily cajoled into half-undressing herself again, her trembly bottom lip no doubt something to do with wishing she hadn't been so rash about pulling her knickers up in the first place.

Basil's eyes loitered where April's pants had been a moment, then looked up into her face to find her glance cast down and her lips with a childish pout that somehow failed to spoil her prettiness. He nodded vaguely as he listened to her guardian's voice in his ear. Quietly, as though ashamed for Basil to notice, April began to cry. Big, glistening tears trickled down her cheeks and her tongue peeped out and licked the saltiness from her lips. A sniffle gave her away; Basil looked up to see her brushing guiltily at her cheeks, her eyelashes shining wet.

At length Basil put down the telephone, having said little yet having gained the distinct impression that a little exploitation of April's willingness to please, as demonstrated across the classroom desk that afternoon, would be regarded by the girl's guardian as simply one more 'punishment' which he could then make the girl report in detail once he got her home, rather than something to make a fuss about.

April's undressing took but a moment. She had only to step out of her knickers and unbutton her blouse. Naked but for her flat black shoes and white socks she struggled against her tears, nodding mutely when a certain key was mentioned and her plump little bottom bouncing self-consciously as she was sent away to unlock the cellar door.

BOOKED



The quiet 'swhitt!' of a cane in a curtained front room as evening draws on, the self-conscious attempts of a girl to keep the involuntary twitches and teaks of her unfortunate bottom as much in control as she can, knowing that that is what is expected of her, acutely conscious that the little thrusts and jerks of her hips as the cane stings her again and again around those really tender parts of her cheeks are probably exciting *him* just as much as they are humiliating her!



Kneeling up – gingerly – and doesn't
that little bum push itself out nicely!

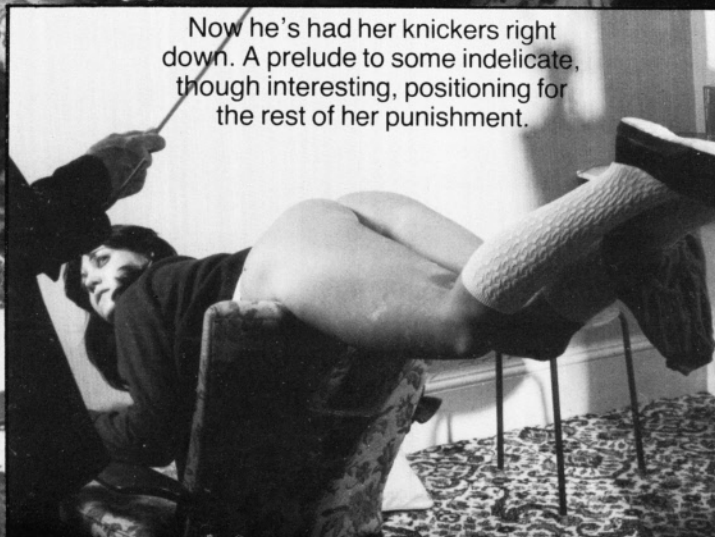




One can imagine the girl's embarrassment; half naked for a caning at her age! And how old is she? Seventeen, perhaps? Younger? Can't you just feel the bounce of that cane patting against those firm young bottom-cheeks until she's got her bum into just the right position.



Just the right height, and the perfect position to get the cane up under the sitting-down bits of her bottom, where the skin is pulled tight and smooth.



Now he's had her knickers right down. A prelude to some indelicate, though interesting, positioning for the rest of her punishment.



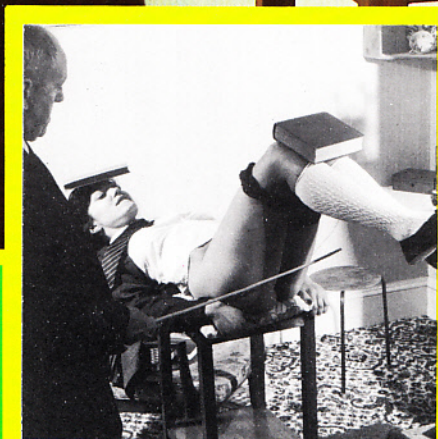
And how indelicate! Take away that rather whimsical candle and one might almost –! Well, perhaps not; you'd bark your shins on the front of the chair, wouldn't you, if you did that.



The exercise in self-control goes on, although if "not crying" is something to do with self-control she's already failed. Tears roll down her cheeks, and still her body can't help making those rude, embarrassing little movements, just as though she were being –
Oooooogh!



She doesn't want to think about that. She has this vague idea that if she did her thoughts would somehow communicate themselves to *him* – he always seems to know when she's been up to something – but she can't help it, because she knows, although she wasn't actually told so when she was sent here, that if she hadn't been so prim and proper about being – Ooooooh!



Well, then she wouldn't have had to come back here and have her bum caned like she used to when she was younger. She whispers herself a promise that next time it's a question of getting her knickers down she will – before she has to get them down for more of *this*!

SALLY-ANNE

The clock in the hall upstairs strikes ten and Basil checks his watch unnecessarily and says that he'd better go and 'phone the Major.

'You can stay as you are,' he says to the girl. 'I haven't finished with you yet!'

The girl swallows nervously and Basil clumps up the cellar stairs to the study, where April is still hovering around in her knickers waiting to be told she may go to bed. He sends her off and she goes gratefully. Basil picks up the 'phone and dials a number from memory.

'Hello Major - Basil,' he says. 'How's the salvage business?' 'Eh? - Eh, silly me.

I meant 'salvation', of course. I thought you'd like to know that your girl arrived alright.' 'Hmm? - half-past nine. Well, a few minutes late - by my



watch, that is.' He laughs wickedly. 'Oh yes - caned her for it -'

Downstairs, the girl whom Basil has just caned for being late lies quietly across the stool which Basil always puts her across. She is about eighteen, tall and well-built but with a look of innocence about her which is only explained by the dark blue uniform jacket which is hanging from a peg behind the stairs together with the dark blue straw bonnet with the mauve ribbon. Her blouse is hanging from the same hook, along with her skirt. She has been left in only her underwear and her black stockings, one of which has been laddered by a splinter from the stool. Her knickers are still stretched around the firm curves of her bum, flimsy and brief and edged with black lace, their sauciness out of place against the sombre formality of her uniform. Her bra is no more conservative, and isn't really big enough for a girl as big as her. One nipple has escaped and points stiffly down towards the floor.

Across her big, plump bottom are a dozen thick cane weals - six for being late and six for having a bum that's so nice to cane. She has another twelve to come, and although somehow she has managed to stay obediently across the stool so far, she really doesn't think she'll be able to stay down for the rest.

She glances over her shoulder, up the stairs, to check that Basil isn't on his way back, then she reaches back and slips her scanty knickers down. She looks back up the stairs to be sure she isn't being watched then she arranges herself properly over the stool again, knowing the importance which Basil places on these little things.

That done, she stares worriedly at the floor, knowing that in all probability she'll still get half a dozen more, but hoping that Basil will choose to accept the offer and not give her the rest. The dozen she has already had will do to show her father when she gets home as evidence of her punishment. She notices something flacid and pink lying discarded in a corner - it makes her blush, even there is no-one to see her. Unworldly though she is, she knows from experience what those are for! Girls like her! She knows Basil well enough too, to guess that upstairs there is probably some unfortunate girl lying on the bed that she herself used to sleep in whenever she was sent here for a weekend's 'tuition', trying to get to sleep on her tummy and wondering, just as she used to, whether she dares tell her mum.

A noise at the top of the stairs must mean that Basil is coming back. The girl's bottom trembles as she peeps round her shoulder and sees his feet on the stairs, and then his legs, and then the cane in his hand. She crosses her fingers for luck and hopes that once again wickedness will be her poor bottom's salvation.

RUDE AWAKENING

Sunlight through a gap in the curtains, and a girl still asleep in bed. Well, not for long.

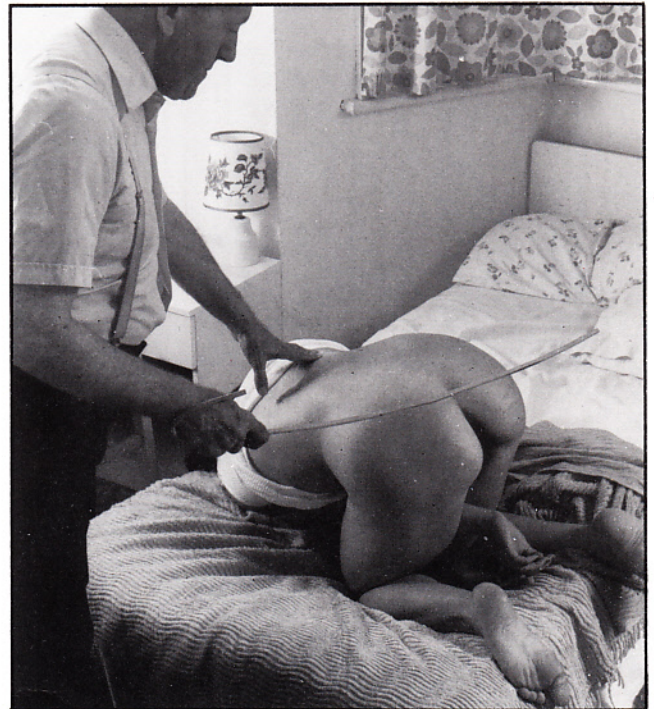
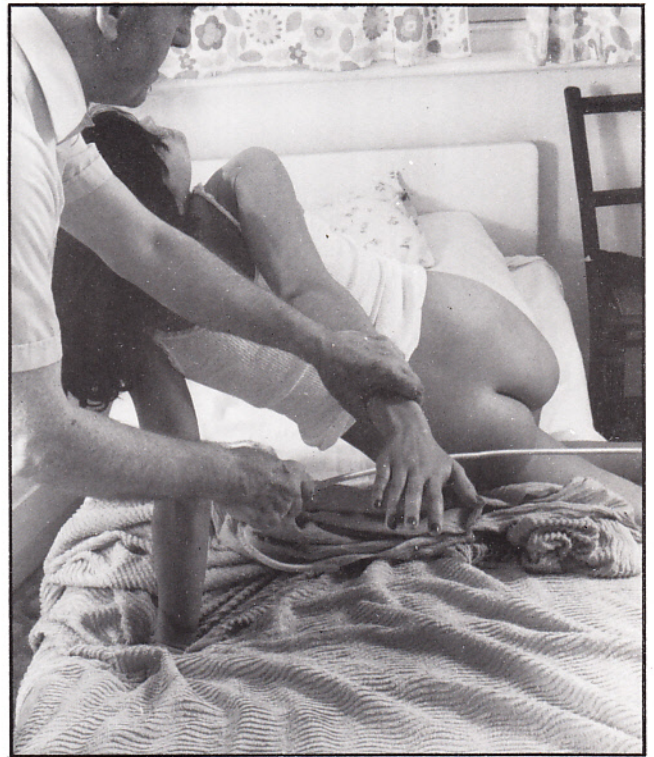






These photographs are full of the sleepy-headed vulnerability of a girl first thing in the morning. Delicious, aren't they!

'Keep it still, miss, or I'll give you a couple of harder ones!'



KATIE....

"Disobedience, disrespectful language, unhelpful attitude – six strokes of the cane, eight strokes of the cane" – there was a list of the canings Katie had earned herself, and at the end of the report, the laconic observation: "Katie has chosen to do it the hard way; perhaps she will have a different attitude next time, should you find it necessary to send her back." No explanation of how the man had managed to deal with the girl, nor, indeed, of how he had even got her to stay within range whilst he got her knickers down. But there, in all its punished glory was the evidence of his achievement – Katie's unhappy little bum insouciant as ever but autographed now by the man who had whipped the cockiness out of the girl. The very sight was enough to stir one to suppose that if it could be done by Mr. Warrender, then it could be done by anyone else, provided they were equally determined. And Katie's uncle was determined. He was, however, going to cheat, aware that it might not be that easy.

"Katie – you may as well know that I mean to resolve this matter of your previous mis-behaviour in this house, by which I mean that I insist there is to be no repetition of it."

Katie turned her bottom away and stooped to pull up her knickers, a flicker of the old resentment showing in her face.

"Leave them where they are! Being bare-bottomed is something you're going to have to get used to from now on."



Over onto her tummy, and her tears are almost enough to persuade her tutor she's had enough.



KATIE....

Uncertain of herself, though plainly on the verge of rebellion, Katie's fingers slipped slowly from their grasp on her knickers and she stood up again, her skirt falling across the tops of her legs.

"Hold your skirt up, Katie. Modesty is something you're going to have to forget about for the time being."

Katie thought about that. The whirring cogs were almost audible as her hands dallied with the pleats of her skirt, then, in a way that seemed to say, "well, alright, if you insist – but don't expect me to take much more of this –!", Katie's little pubic nest made a belated reappearance, snuggled demurely between the tops of her legs. Her uncle sensed the advantage he had been enjoying

slipping away; he would have to play his ace.

"Did you notice anything while you were up in your room, Katie?"

Katie considered the question suspiciously.

"No," she said, challengingly.

"Behind the door?"

"No. I don't think I looked behind the door."

"Then I suggest you do go and look."

Uneasy, Katie looked at her uncle for several seconds before she turned away, reaching for her knickers again.

"Leave your knickers, Katie" said her uncle patiently.



Particularly appealing in these pictures is the innocence of a girl who tries bravely to hide that 'secret little place' with her hands when she might have tried to protect her bottom from that nasty cane. Mummy would be proud of her.

It's a pity she can't do anything about the rest though. Her bare bottom goes on just begging to be caned, and so, of course, it is! Very thoroughly!





'Come on – bottom up, my girl!'



KATIE....

With a glance over her shoulder that said "This is positively the last time I let you bully me into this kind of thing," Katie let go of her pants and went brusquely out of the room.

"And hold your skirt up."

"Christ!" said Katie under her breath, peevishly yanking up her skirt up round her hips before realising that he could no longer see her anyway. A minute later she was back, her cheeks pale and her eyes defiant – but she was holding her skirt up.

"Well?" asked her uncle quietly.

"What's that for?" she demanded, though it was a demand tempered by caution.

"I should have thought you'd have learnt what canes are for in the last few days, Katie. They're for whipping naughty girls' bottoms."

"My bottom?" Her skirt drooped across her tummy as she forgot about holding it up.

"Yes."

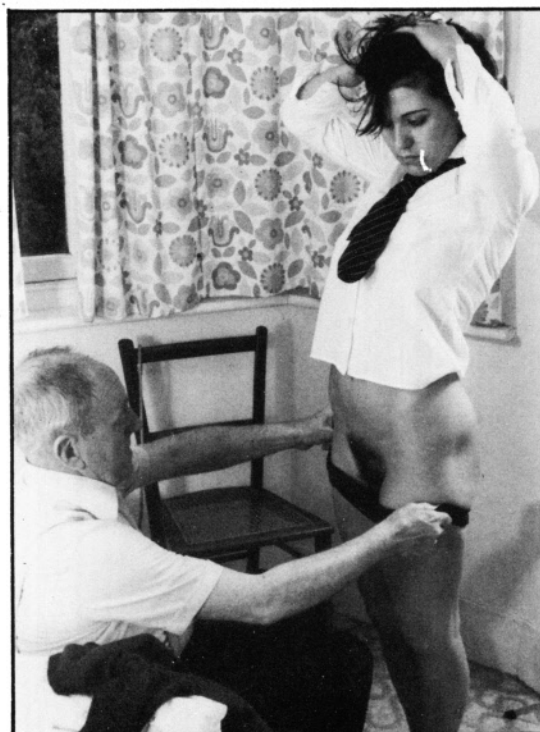
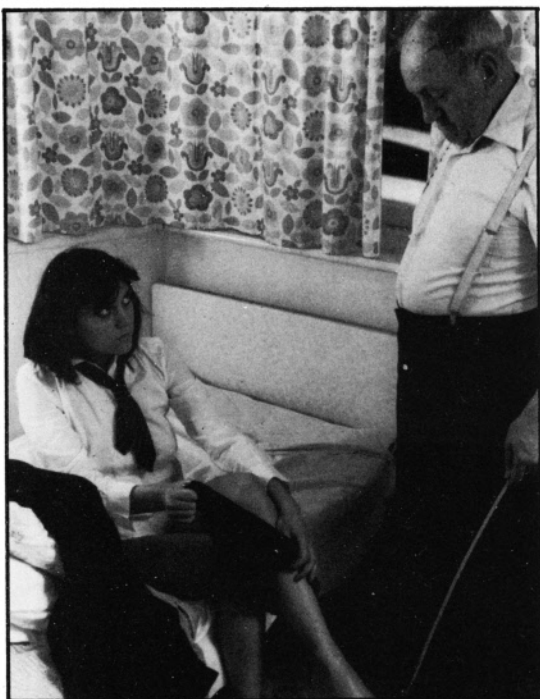
"You're goin' to cane me?" She looked both indignant and frightened at the same time.

"Yes."

Katie's skirt fell back to its full length.



Lessons in half an hour, no doubt, and that's a sore young bottom which will be fidgeting on it's chair for much of the morning session.



KATIE....

"I won't let you cane me! You're not allowed to cane me!"

"I thought you might say that, Katie – He studied her carefully, trying to judge the degree of her resistance exactly, "– there is always the alternative of course – or rather, there are two alternatives."

Katie stared at him, her cheeks colouring rapidly.

"What alternatives?"

"The first is that you behave yourself impecably –" she said nothing, but it seemed to her uncle a vain hope that she might consider that option anyway, "– or you'll be sent back to Mr. Warrender."

Katie seemed to shiver at the mention of that gentleman's name, but she rallied at once.

"I won't go! I will not go!"

"I think I could arrange things so that you did, if I wanted you too."

"You couldn't. You couldn't make me go back there! I wouldn't do it!"

"I could sell your pony."

Dumbstruck, Katie stared at him with her mouth sagging wider every moment.

"You wouldn't! You pig – you can't sell Brucie – he's mine!"

"He's mine, actually, and yes, I could sell him."

Panic stricken, Katie began to blubber protests.

A weekend at Maidens' End Cottage is the stuff that bad dreams are made of – for naughty girls, that is. Four girls, sent for a two-day disciplinary course to Mr. Fordyce of Fordyce, Warrender and Associates, educational consultants, provide the focus of the almost hour-long story – the girls and their bottoms, of course, because they're to learn that a girl's character can be trained in the required direction just as well by the stick as by the carrot.

The action opens with – action. A girl, Rosalind, is bent across a stool in a tall, beamed room. She is crying – sobbing really – and not without reason. Her bottom is tender-looking crimson, her knickers are at her knees, and a slipper wielded by Mr. Fordyce is cracking across her bum.

Kneeling on a cushion in the chimney-nook, another girl waits for her turn to come. She is made to wait a little longer, because when Rosalind has been spanked thoroughly she is sent to summon Lucy, a pretty, slim, timid girl. Lucy is spanked across Mr. Fordyce's knee. Meanwhile two of his 'associates' – each of them has an interest in the 'consultancy' which is more than merely financial – arrive at the house and interrupt Lucy's punishment, to her considerable embarrassment!

The girl in the chimney-nook gets her turn at last – spanked formidably by both the new arrivals. Upstairs, meanwhile, a fourth girl is locked in her room – *her* turn is yet to come!

Dinner-time is chaos for the girls, who are required to wait on the gentlemen, chivvied along and spanked if they're too slow about their tasks by Barnes, the butler/handyman and terror of the girls.

After dinner Barnes is sent to fetch the girls from the bathroom – nobody told *him* they were to get dressed! Naked, the three girls are 'paraded' before the guests and punishments for various offences are assigned to them. Night draws in.

Up in Lucy's room, already undressed except for her knickers and a red gingham bow, the girl is soon relieved of her one remaining item of clothing, spanked across Mr. Fordyce's knee and then put across her bed and thrashed. She is sent to bed sobbing.

Jasmine's cries sound plaintively along the upper landing, while in Rosalind's room another bare bottom is being soundly spanked by one of the guests. The fourth girl, Christine, who has been locked in her room throughout the evening, comes face to face with the man who sent her to this dreadful place to be 'educated' along the lines he has in mind.

Christine's spanking takes five long minutes, but her troubles have only just begun – she is to be caned as well! And caned she is – prostrate on her bed, made to lift her flinching bottom up for each stroke, then, when she won't keep still, kneeling with her hands against the wall.

The action is over for the evening, but in the morning Mr. Fordyce has the girls up early for P.T. in knickers and vests. Slipperings are handed out briskly, the cane makes a fresh appearance, and knickers, of course, come down yet again.

As an insight into the ups and downs – of knickers and bottoms – at Maidens' End, this video misses no opportunity to show the four girls and their punishments to the very best advantage. Four girls punished throughout a drama almost an hour long just *has* to be value for money – don't miss it.



HALF-TERM

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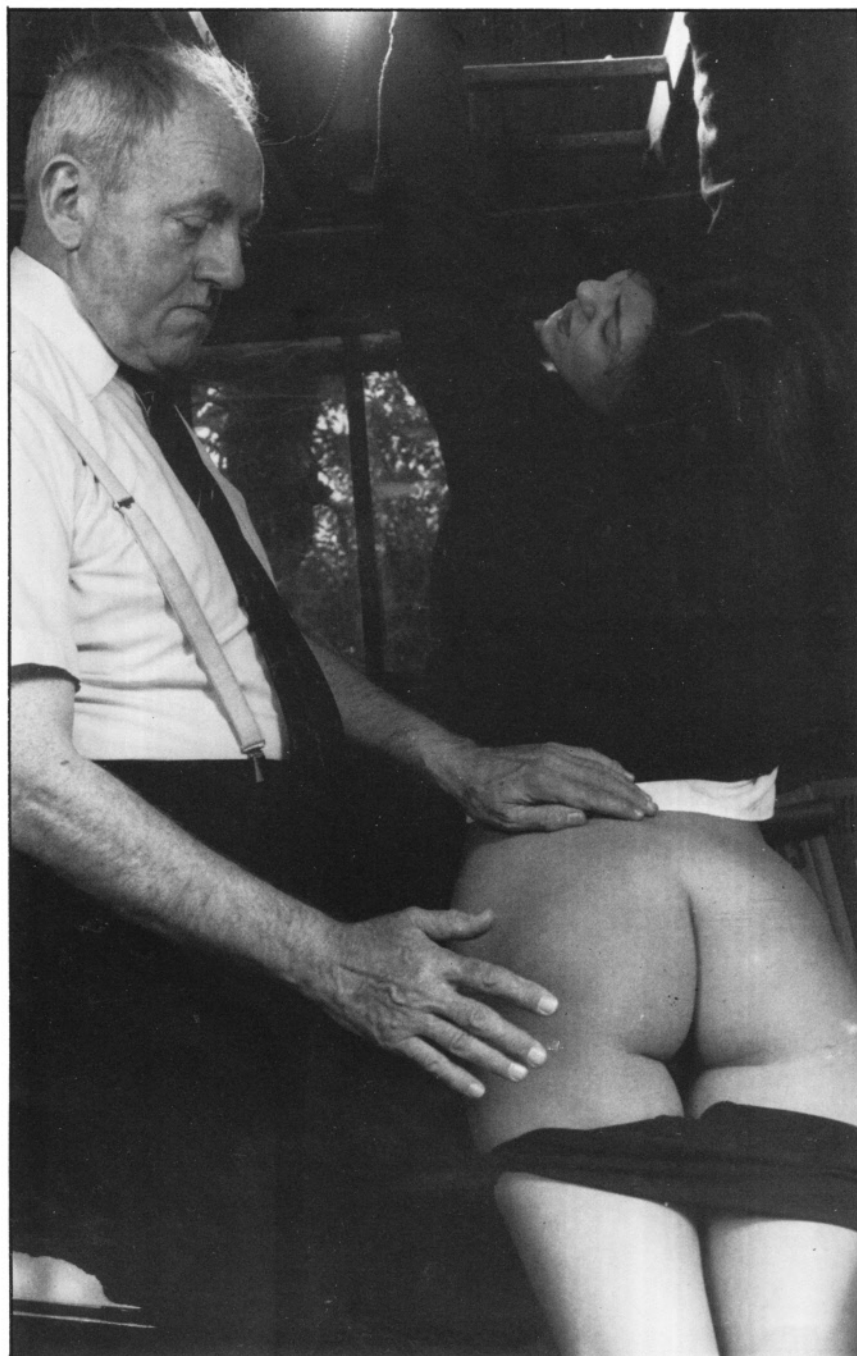


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GARDENERS' WORLD



KATIE....

"I could take you away from Ferndale and send you to the comprehensive –"

"All my friends are at Ferndale –!"

"Ferndale is expensive, Katie dear."

"But – but –"

"I could decide that a girl who didn't think she ought to behave herself properly – and that she shouldn't have her bottom caned if she didn't – simply wasn't nice enough to go to ballet lessons –"

"Oh, no –!"

"Or to her friend's house in Scotland for the holidays –"

"Oh –!"

"Or to gymkhanas – not that there would be much point, without a pony –"

Katie's tears began to roll brightly down her cheeks. Her lips moved, but soundlessly. Her uncle realised that he had won her over to his point of view.

"Katie –"

"Y-y-yes?"

"Katie dear – pull your skirt up again – and come over here."

With leaden steps and slow, Katie came, her tummy uncovered again and her knickers slipping further down her thighs with every fateful step.



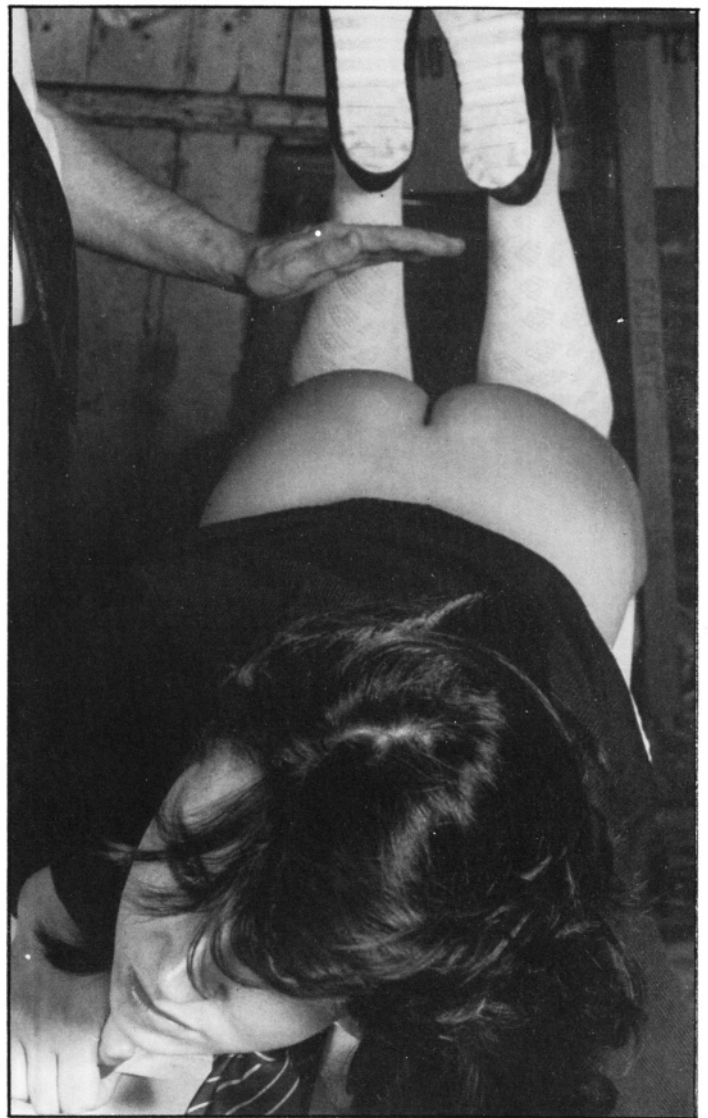
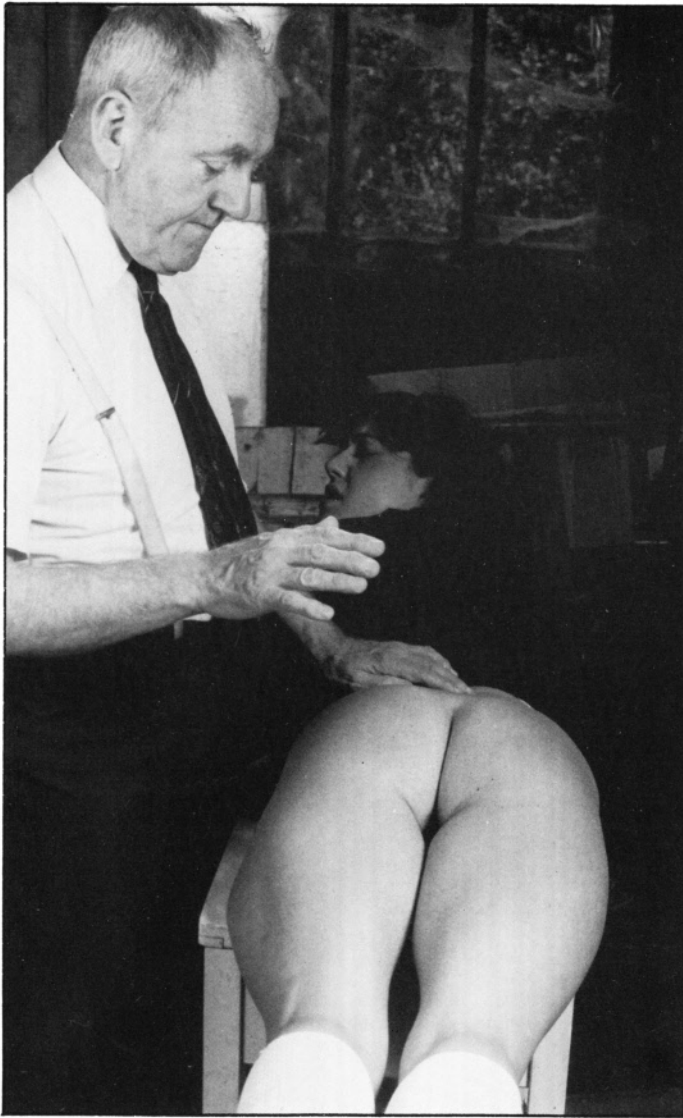
KATIE....

In the matter of the options her uncle had outlined, Katie had realised that by far the safest so far as her bum was concerned was that of being well-behaved – ‘impecably so’, as he had put it. And she had tried – oh, how she had tried, but never having had any practice in being well-mannered, polite and respectful she had found herself falling far short of the required ‘impecability’. She had in consequence, been getting some practice in the taking down of her knickers, blubbering apologies, wriggling her bottom around whilst the cane stung it’s naked vulnerability, and acting in general just like a thoroughly well punished naughty girl would whose uncle had had enough of her misbehaviour. It had never occurred to her to plump for the other option – a return visit to Mr. Warrender, the tutor who had sent her home a changed girl after a weekend’s ‘course of tuition.’ The very thought of that dreadful two days still gave her butterflies in her tummy.

Those butterflies were taking flight as she lay nervously in her bed, listening to the clock in the hall downstairs striking eight o’clock. Sunlight was still streaming through her bedroom window – she had been sent to bed at half-past seven, a ridiculous time for a girl of her age, but something she had of necessity got used to in the past week or so. She lay with the cover pulled up to her nose and looked out of the window at the rustling leaves of the trees outside, and did it because if she didn’t she would have to look instead at all the things in her room which inevitably reminded her of how much her life had changed since her uncle had taken up the cudgel – the cane, actually, in his case – in the cause of re-educating his potentially delinquent charge.

Chief amongst the reminders scattered about her bedroom was that wicked, frightening cane, dangling with passive malevolence on a hook behind the door. How she hated it; the dismal, bum-twitching “click-click” it would make every time the door was opened or shut, the way it greeted her in the morning, just sitting there waiting for it’s opportunity to whip across her squirming buttocks in retribution for some piece of misbehaviour or other, and some evenings, like now, when it seemed almost alive and actually to know that soon it was to be taken down and swished across naked, trembling bum.

There were other reminders, too; a wardrobe which had once held pretty, grown-up dresses and feminine clothes and underwear, these days containing instead cut-down – or rather cut-up school skirts and gingham frocks, their hems hardly low enough now to cover her bum even when she stood up perfectly straight, leaving her thighs bare for virtually all their length and her knickers underneath on display whenever she so much as bent to scratch her knee. And those knickers! Pairs of navy-blue school pants – knickers she hadn’t worn for three terms at least and which she’d supposed must have been



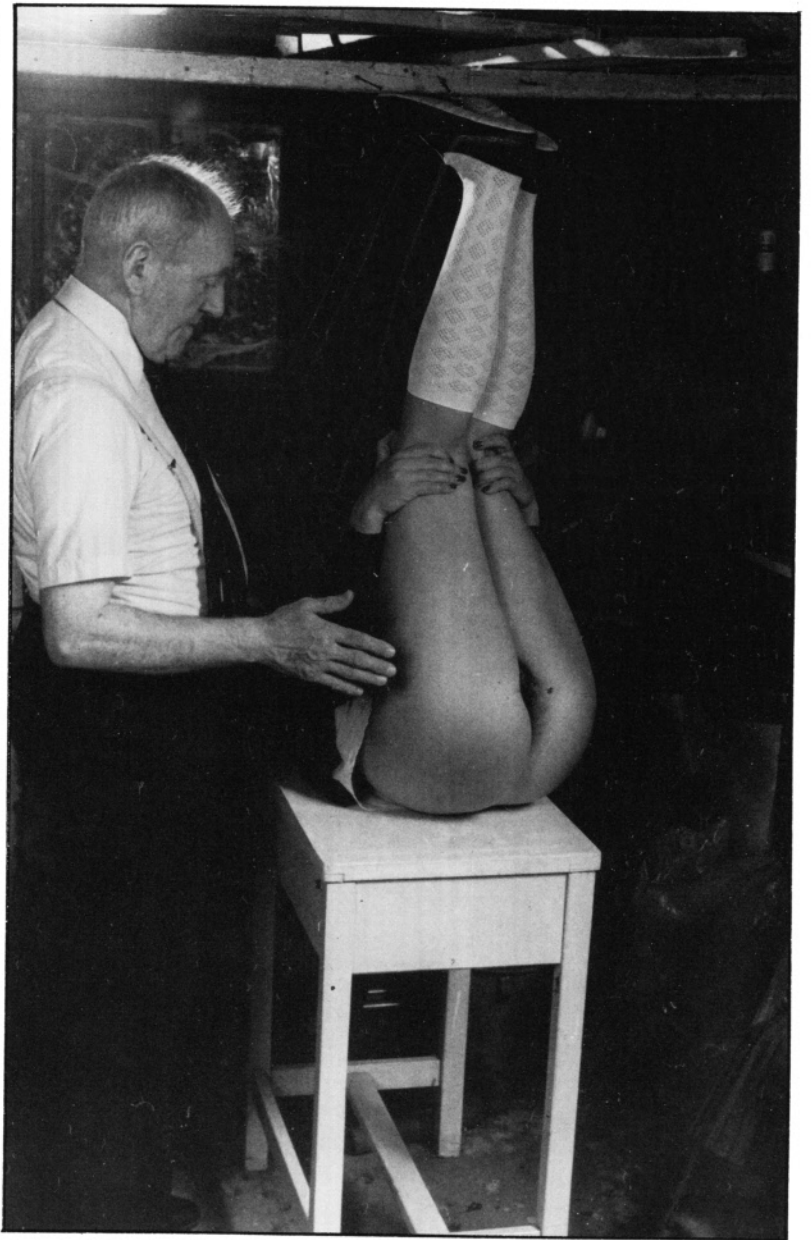
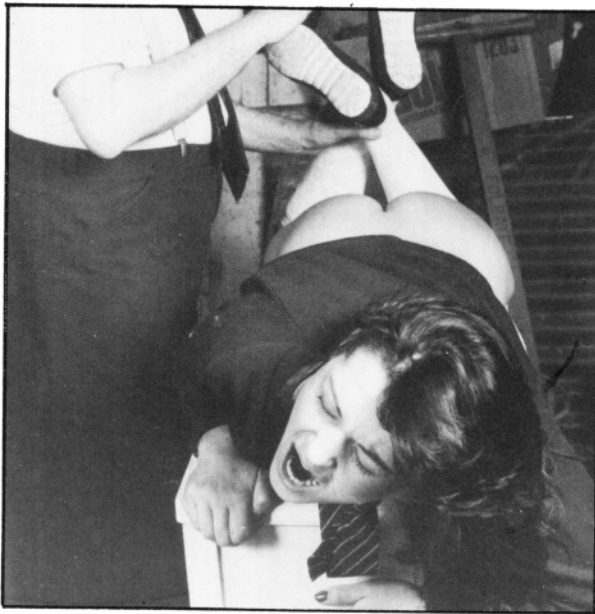
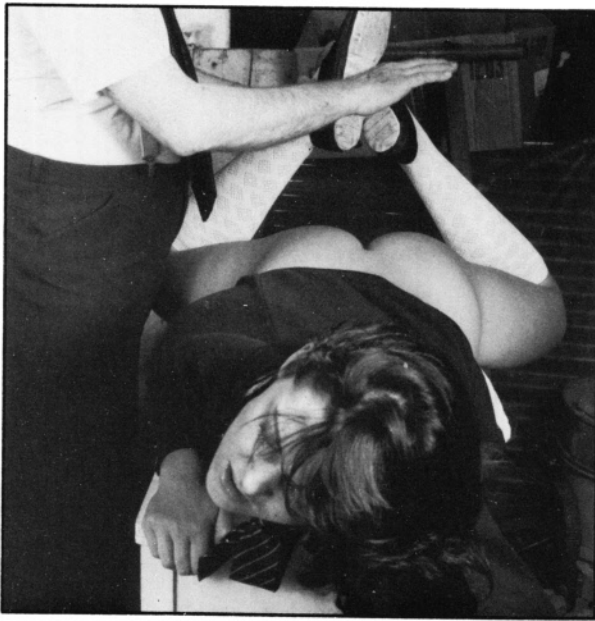
KATIE....

thrown away long ago, now resurrected and there in the wardrobe, the only items of underwear she was allowed, and all of them faded and pulling at their seams, especially now that she was having to stretch them over her filling-out hips – none of them fitting her with any degree of modesty, all too snug between her legs and round under her bum-cheeks, and wearing-out the faster now by virtue of their being pulled up and down, on and off, more often than knickers, in the normal way, were ever meant to be.

So Katie stared out of the window rather than have to be confronted by all those reminders of her sadly changed circumstances, knowing that at nine o'clock, less than an hour away, she would be getting a visit from her uncle and would be crying herself to sleep again that night.

Her bed was warm and the house was quiet – Katie watched the trees branches swaying in light breeze and slowly, despite the likely outcome of her uncle's nine o'clock visit, she fell into a half-sleep, troubled by confused recollections of Mr. Warrender's house, seeing again and again the steep stairs up to his attic room where she'd been sent, protesting tearfully, to be given her punishments, all canings, all on the bare bottom, all indelibly imprinted on her memory – and at the time, on her bum! She saw, as if from some point outside of herself, her young body being stripped absolutely naked – she had been too embarrassed to tell her uncle about that – and herself being spreadeagled, legs stretched wide, wide apart, and the cane whipping across her bottom while she struggled helplessly, unable to do anything to avoid the cane, while her cries grew louder and her bottom more violently agitated with every stroke.

And then there was the other thing, which she knew her uncle must have sanctioned, must have arranged with the tutor beforehand or surely he wouldn't have dared do it to her; which had left her confused, bewildered and still humiliatingly spreadeagled when he had finished with her and then simply told her to get herself dressed and be back in the schoolroom in five minutes, with never a word of warning about saying nothing, which meant he must have had permission or surely, surely, he just wouldn't have dared!



KATIE....

A sharp "clickety-click" dragged the sleepy girl back from those troubling recollections and into the present with a tummy-flipping jolt. Her eyes snapped open to see the cane swinging behind the half-open door, her uncle coming into the room, his hand reaching out for the cane. Her heart pounding, the butterflies running riot inside, Katie's mind was a maelstrom of protesting, rebellious thoughts, but the one thing uppermost in that kalidescope of emotions was the certain, inescapable knowledge that whatever the price she had to pay here, she was never, never going back to Mr. Warrender's frightening house!

Pale-faced Katie slipped blearily out from the warmth of her bed and stood timidly beside it, her pyjamas rumpled and her hair straggling across her face.

The button at the waistband of the pyjama pants was unceremoniously slipped undone and the trousers slithered to her ankles. Her top was simply rucked up high under her breasts and a little nudge in the small of her back had her toppling clumsily across her bed, face-down, her feet still tangled in her pyjamas, her hips lifted by strong hands and two pillows stuffed under her tummy so that her bottom was plumped out across the edge of the bed. The cane whipped across her bum: "Hands behind your back!" Her wrists were held as she gasped with the sting of that first stroke, and then her caning began, twelve strokes to come, the first one not counting, and the pink-flowered coverlet blurred behind a mist of tears as the regular "swhitt-swhitt" of the cane whipped Katie's quivery bottom into just the kind of lewd, provocative undulations that must have prompted Mr. Warrender to overstep the limits of his brief, and which the girl might have made some effort to subdue had she not been too busy crying to look over her shoulder at the unusually absorbed gleam in her uncle's eyes.

GARDENERS' WORLD 2



Right at the back of the 'confiscated items' drawer he'd found a pair of shorts that might have been *made* for her; well, for a thirteen-year-old more likely, but *he* knew what he meant –



She'd gone out into the garden with a blush on her cheeks and had hidden herself away amongst the bushes at the end of the path as soon as she reasonably could –



The sound of a freshly-cut twig on firm buttocks in the open air – it makes him think of that Land army girl back on the farm when he was younger than he is now.



So much easier, this kind of thing, when you don't allow them to wear knickers under their shorts –



There – *that* made those bum-cheeks of hers twitch, didn't it!

'A girl from the new estate over by Burnham, Mr. Wiggins. Kind of girl who'd get herself into trouble if she were allowed to run amok in her own environment.' The man from the charitable institution justified the board's request that the said girl, Lola Patricia Oldwood, might be allowed to take up residence with Mr. Wiggins, playing it by the book even though he knew perfectly well what the form actually was.

'Hmm - I see. Well now, if the board think I might be able to assist -' Howard Wiggins, donator of substantial sums of money to the charity which his visitor represented, was not aware that word had filtered so far down the pecking order with regard to what role he really played in the 'rehabilitation' of these young girls. He, therefore, was playing it by the book too.

'No room, you see Mr. Wiggins - no room at the inn. It would be a matter of sending her off to an approved school or some such place if the organisation found that it couldn't help out.'

'Dear, dear - can't have impressionable young things being sent off to places like that, my dear chap. No, no - I feel obliged to help.'

'Thank you, Mr. Wiggins. We'd hoped you would be able to -'

'Not at all, not at all. Um - I believe you said she was the kind of girl who might get herself into trouble?'

'Well yes, Mr. Wiggins. Sad, really - pretty girl like that, running wild.'

'Running wild, you say?'

'Oh yes - bound to get into some scrape or other, that sort.'

'Indeed yes. And especially the attractive ones, you know. Ah - you did say "pretty", I believe?'

'Oh yes - very pretty, and bright too. But no moral values, Mr. Wiggins - well, that's if I don't judge her too hastily.'

'I see - hmm - well now, when did you say you'd like me to have her -?'

The man from the organisation had thanked him several more times then left. Howard had gone upstairs and pottered around happily, making sure that the room he always put these girls in was ready for use, sorting out sheets and pillow cases and cute little nighties, humming quietly to himself as he did so.

So - she'd been "running around", had she? "Liable to get herself into trouble." He could just

LOLLY



imagine it - head boy at her school luring her into the bike sheds, hand inside her blouse, up her skirt, a finger slipped under snug knicker elastic - a girl could be led on by lads like that. Better by far if she were taken in hand, before something happened that she might regret. True, she was old enough, just about - but that could be a very arbitrary line to draw, the "age of consent". Plenty of girls were just not sufficiently emotionally mature to understand their own feelings, far less those of others who might want to take advantage of them. No - better by far if she were shown the error of her ways. He would make sure that she was.'

Lola - or "Lolly", as Mr. Wiggins preferred to call her - had settled in quickly - within a fortnight the domestic pattern of her life had been firmly established, and she was learning that Mr. Wiggins was someone to whom she could confide those intimate little things - indeed had to confide them - that a girl might ordinarily not want to tell a soul. Mind you, when it suited him, even Mr. Wiggins could cock a deaf ear -

'Hmm? What was that, my pet?'

'I'm - I'm - oogh -'

'Oh, are you! Well now, you

know you're not supposed to do that, my dear, don't you! That really will be very, very naughty of you - very naughty indeed!'

'B-but I can't help it, Mr. Wig - ooogh!'

'Tut-tut! You're not to do it, Lolly - do you understand?'

'Y-yes, but - nnnmgh!'

'I shall have to punish you if you defy me, you know. I shall have to spank your little bottom -'

'Oooo - please! Please - I can't h-help - ooooooh!'

Poor Lolly. She really couldn't help it, and that was the truth. It had always been like that, not being able to help it when boys had been too adventurous, not being able to say no. It was as if her body had grown up before the rest of her was ready, and all the trouble she had got herself into had stemmed one way or another from that same imbalance of maturity. Not that she'd ever been silly enough actually to let anyone do it - not actually do it to her - not quite, anyway, but she'd been on the brink more than once. More than twice, as a matter of fact. No, she really couldn't help it, and it wasn't fair of Mr. Wiggins to say that she would have to be spanked for it when it was him who was making her - making her -

'Ooogh - Mr. - Mr. Wig - oooh!'

'Hmm? What was that, Lolly?'

Lolly's slight weight across Mr. Wiggins' legs grew less as her hips lifted up with the tautening of her legs, and then she took her feet off the floor and her head came up and her warm young body rocked to and fro across his lap. She whimpered incomprehensible little protests - none of them meant, no doubt, because that was just Lolly's way of doing it - whispering little pleas but worming backwards with her hips to keep the feeling coming and coming.

'I'm c-coming -!'

'Naughty girl,' said Howard mildly, the encouragement of his intrusive fingertip doing nothing to aid the girl in her extremity. 'I really do believe I shall have to spank you after all.'

Lolly's knickers were already halfway down her thighs - her spanking began even as she was still making a sweet little exhibition of herself across Howard's lap, and only gradually did her breathless gasps and cries change from those of a girl who was doing something rather rude to the cries of a girl who wished after all that she hadn't done it!

LETTERS

Dear Editor,

I have just received my introductory copy of 'Blushes' from you. Wow! What a magazine! Although expensively priced it far outstrips (no pun intended) its competitors in the CP field in the quality of its fiction, photography and models and is certainly worth every penny. The only slight blemish is the cover story 'Approved School Report' which I found slightly boring. Please stick to the modern day schoolgirl, Girl Guide (or Ranger!), secretary, nurse, shop assistant, library assistant, receptionist, waitress, bank clerk, student teacher etc. whom we can all identify in real life and mentally put in the place of the hapless victim of one of your stories.

The rest, however, was excellent and I congratulate your writers on maintaining a thread to connect several stories together and utilising the same characters in different stories. I am familiar with such characters as Mr. Dupont and Uncle Basil from the old days, and I look forward to seeing these characters develop in future issues along with Reggie, Mr. Howell and, of course, Arnold Dawson (let's hope he manages to finally strangle his conscience and become even more a bastard). How about introducing a girl character, about 16, who is very shy and inhibited and innocent and over about six issues (or even more) is completely twisted and perverted until she is totally submissive to the whims or desires of any strange man, or woman, she is sent to.

Is it also possible to have some stories on a woman-to-girl basis? I am sure there is as much CP potential in the aunt-niece or step-mother-stepdaughter relationship as in the uncle-niece relationship and equally fraught with sexual hazard for the girl since pretty young teenage girls tend to attract sexual interest from older members of both sexes. Anyway, keep up the good work and I await your next edition with eagerness. One more thing, stick to the stories and the photographs and no fatuous 'Readers' Letters' pages. I pay to read your writers' words not mine. Best of luck and I am looking forward to reading 'The Perils of Penelope'.

A.D. Derbyshire

Dear Editor,

I am sure that many of your readers will be as anxious as I am to congratulate you on the first number of 'Blushes'.

If at first sight it appears a little expensive, further perusal proves it to be of excellent value.

As you will be aware, former publications of the schoolgirl bare-bummed genre have suffered a sad change. Titles may remain the same but the contents are a poor reflection of their former character. I am sure that your readers will have welcomed the appearance of a publication which so obviously sets out to please the connoisseurs of uninhibited young ladies' punishment.

Your Approved School Report is just what the devotees of schoolgirl C.P. will have looked forward to. Can we expect your excellent Journal to come out monthly rather than bi-monthly as at present?

What I particularly like about the first number of 'Blushes' is its professionalism. Firstly, the photographs. I am so glad that you have concentrated on just a few young fresh model girls so that one can feel that one knows them. The principal blonde nymphet in her blue and white striped dress is most charming. The colour photographs of her so-smackable bum are excellent. The study on page 49 is superb, with the line of interest from the girls blonde hair, the glistening red of her lips, the firm outline of her tits and her blushing bum cheeks with the master's hand about to descend thereon!

Incidentally, how refreshing that you avoid the art studies of most girlie mags - all bare boobs and beaver shots. I am sure that all your readers will have found the spanked schoolgirl sequence on pages 6 and 7 most erotic. The two teenage models in schoolgirl uniform: ties, virgin white blouses and suspended sheer stockings are just what the doctor ordered; and yet not a bare tit between them! Let us see more, much more, of these leggy darlings.

Secondly, the drawings to illustrate the stories are first class - collectors gems!

In the story of 'The Cellar' your artist captures to perfection the sense of foreboding as young Babs descends the rickety wooden cellar steps with the shadowy figure of her Uncle Basil close behind her. And what a little corker Babs is! No wonder Uncle Basil finds it diffi-

cult to keep his hands off her! The blush-high pink of her cheeks highlights the delicious pale tones of her curvey figure while the composition of her brief white blouse, stretched open above her deep-set belly button is superb. If your readers were at first mystified, as I was, by the contents of the wooden stool: the springy cane, the prefect's badge, the discarded tin-foil pack, the jar of petroleum jelly, then the perusal of your highly literate story will have revealed all.

If young Babs, on page 13, is titillating, the same lass in the altogether on page 16 is fantastic. How thoughtful of Uncle Basil to permit his 'niece' to keep on her black patent flatties and her knee-high white cotton socks. These accessories only serve to emphasise her vulnerable bareness elsewhere. How naughty it was of him to have tanned her firm buttocks and how tender must be the blotches from the top of her bum right down her tender thighs to the level of her yanked-down knicks! Impudent indeed is the beguiling stance of young Babs; with titties like that it would be a Saint who could refrain from a quick fondle of her fascinating boobs.

Finally the mystery is cleared. How rewarding for the reader to examine all the nuances of the study:- a veritable *tromp d'oeuil*! The wellies and the parcel of canes; the jars of strap oil and Vaseline; the prefect's badge side by side with discarded tin foil packets; the stool with Bab's blouse and tie - and what are those by the stool leg! Something interesting has been going on in the wood shed! No wonder Babs can't wait for her eighteenth birthday!

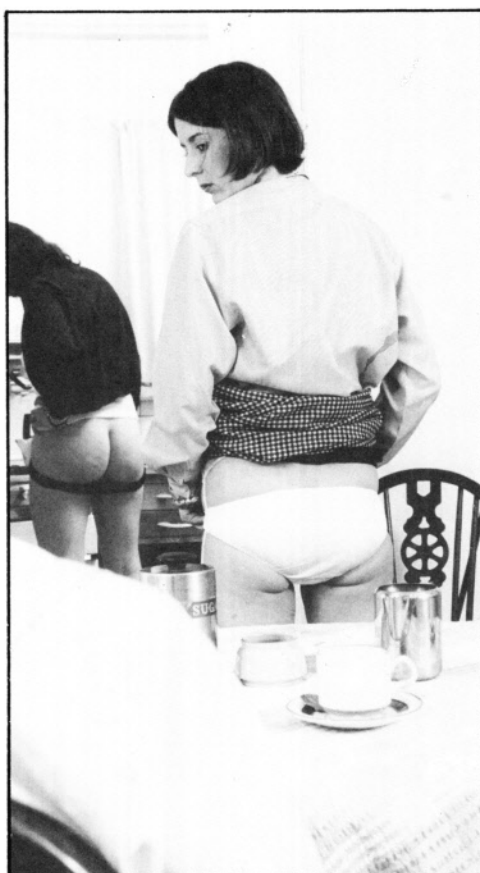
If these two drawings are the writer's favourites, all the rest are delightful:- fine studies of teenage schoolgirls, all getting their well-deserved cum-uppance. Take page 16. Who wouldn't pay a king's ransom to be in the place of the middle-aged dominie in the midst of no less than 7 bare bums of his class? We can be sure that the cheeky madam receiving the cane fully deserves her punishment. Just because she is 17 and very, very pretty, why should she get away with tempting the master with toe-peeping shoes and bra-less tits? No wonder her beguiling face is streaked with tears. That bum of hers deserves twelve of the best, and doubtless she will get them!

P.R. Sussex

THE NEW GIRL



Far from home, the first meeting with her tutor, and the disconcerting presence of another of his pupils wandering around in her knickers. An unnerving first impression.



And now it's her turn. Blushing, she does her best to look unconcerned – but not for long!



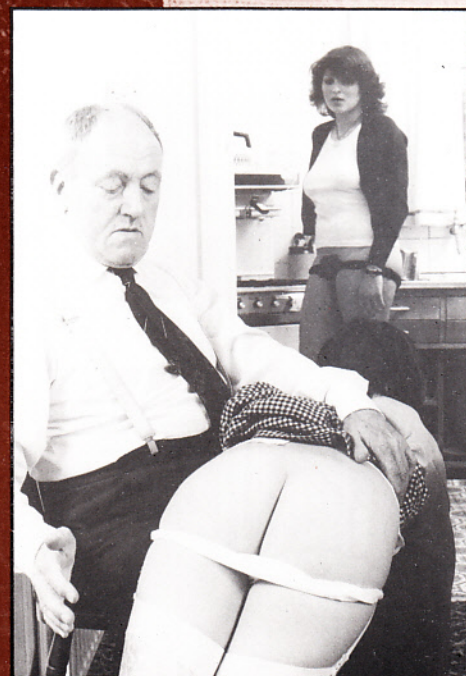
A long lecture, the girl with her knickers down throughout, and little by little she stops being the poised young lady she's trying to be and becomes instead a bewildered, humiliated and nervous little girl.



A charming girl, treated in a cavalier yet appropriate way by the elderly gentleman, who really does look intent on making a good job of it!



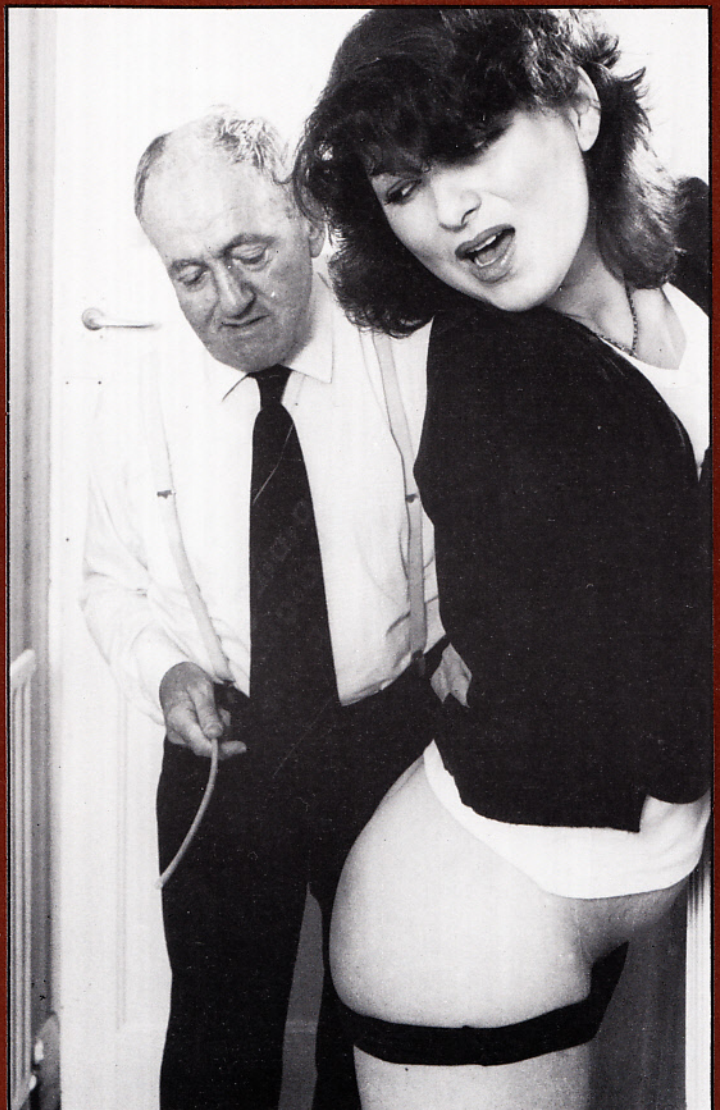
Her bottom gets redder and more agitated by the minute, but that's what spankings are all about.





It's getting a bit too much for Angela, who isn't at all used to this kind of thing.

She scurries away upstairs, while the other girl clings on to the bannisters – and howls!



Miss Prim and Proper still tries to maintain a little of her dignity; that's an upper-middle class bottom if ever you saw one, despite the best efforts of that vulgar man to make it wriggle like a common girl's bum would in the same circumstances. That must be what they call breeding.



By contrast, the girl from the kitchen really doesn't have any self-respect, does she. She struggles and squeals and makes a thorough exhibition of herself

Put a girl into sexy knickers and probably she'll feel sexy; ergo, put her into schoolgirl knickers and that's the way she'll feel. That's the theory, anyway. First find a pair to fit-

UP-TIGHT

One could imagine this young lady sitting with her legs wrapped around a cello at the Royal College of Music. The blend of studiousness on her face and the nakedness of her respectable bottom is particularly interesting.

Too small? Pity – they make her bum look nice.



After her spanking downstairs, Angela is less inclined to make a fuss about sorting through her tutor's box of 'confiscated' knickers for a pair that will fit her.



Suddenly she does look like a schoolgirl – and a very penitant one at that!



At last she finds a pair to his liking. 'Will these do, sir?'



Confused, Angela
'gets 'em down'.



and caned –



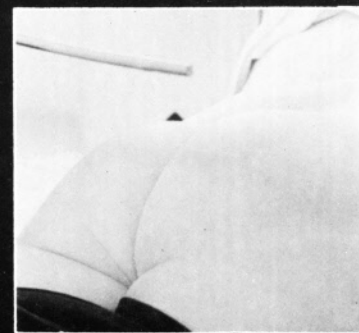
And gets caned –



A classic caning position, for a girl
perhaps interested in the classics?



and caned.



LOLLY

The gardener had been sent to fetch Lolly from the swimming pool – she was to come straight to the conservatory, where Mr. Wiggins and his guest were concluding the transfer of a property which Mr. Wiggins no longer had a use for. Mr. Sinclair, the man from the organisation, had been responsible for Lolly's presentation to his old friend as a gesture of appreciation for a recent donation. He had known, of course, precisely what the girl would be in for as 'Wiggy's' house guest; as much as anything he had come down today to take a look at Lolly in her new surroundings, and hoped for some interesting diversion whilst he was there.

Lolly appeared on the path leading past the fish-pond, the sun bright on her hair and the dappling shadows of trees on her body; and where the shadows dappled, save for a pale blue triangle of extremely limited dimensions, she was quite naked.

She came warily into the conservatory, risking only the tiniest smile of greeting to Mr. Sinclair, to whom she hadn't yet been properly introduced. Her body was wet from the pool, and the point-down triangle of shiny blue was pulled damply snug around the plump little pout of her pubes, soft labial cleft shadowed in the thin, clinging satin.

'This is Lolly,' said Mr. Wiggins, and his visitor stood up briefly to shake her hand – a formality which seemed somewhat out of place in the circumstances.

'How do you do, sir?' said Lolly, her voice small and respectful, and Mr. Sinclair said he did very well, thank you, except he said it without once taking his eyes from her small, round tits with their chilled nipples standing out pert and hard, which made Lolly blush rather prettily. Sitting down, and in the absence of any further comment from his host, Mr. Sinclair found himself asking the obvious question, and he asked it not of the girl but of Mr. Wiggins. 'Does she always swim without the – er top of her costume?'

'Yes,' said Mr. Wiggins, as though it would be odd if she didn't. 'And I think Lolly knows why, don't you, my pet?'

'Um – yes sir,' said Lolly, blushing even more.

'I dare say she'd tell you, if you

asked,' said Mr. Wiggins in tones of mock confidentiality, and Mr. Sinclair did indeed ask. Lolly's tongue peeped out for a moment, as though she were concentrating.

'Er – well sir – it – it's because girls of my age, sir –'

'Especially the pretty ones,' commented Mr. Wiggins helpfully.

'Er – yes, sir – especially if they're pretty – um –'

'You're rather pretty, actually,' said Mr. Sinclair, sounding quite sincere about the compliment.

'Um – th-thank you, sir –' mumbled Lolly, embarrassed about where his eyes had got to whilst he'd said it. 'Er – well, they – they –' She seemed to have trouble finding a way to phrase it. Mr. Wiggins helped her out.

'They get rather grown-up ideas, Mr. Sinclair. That's what Lolly's trying to say. They think that men take a certain kind of interest in them, you see – isn't that so, Lolly?'

'Yes, sir,' said Lolly, her blushes warmer still.

'Yes – a "sexual" interest, Mr. Sinclair' The visitor raised his eyebrows, perhaps to express his complete lack of surprise at such a revelation, but Mr. Wiggins continued; 'Some of them become quite obsessive about such notions, you know.'

'Really?' said the guest, his eyes on the bareness of Lolly's hips where the slender, bow-tied cord of her little pants ran across the gently tanned skin.

'Oh indeed, yes!' said Mr. Wiggins. 'I shouldn't be at all surprised if Lolly herself is thinking some such thing at this very moment, Mr. Sinclair.'

Lolly's eyes grew wider and her tongue peeped out again as she licked nervously at her lip. A drip ran down the upper slope of one of her breasts and fell from the very tip of the stiff little nipple.

'Quite likely she is indulging that predisposition to self-awareness which young girls are so often prone to – let us call it "vanity", Mr. Sinclair – and is imagining that you and I are eyeing that little place of hers, which she has so coyly tucked away in that top-pocket handkerchief, with lewd thoughts in our minds.' He glanced up at Lolly. 'Isn't that so, my dear?'

The girl, who knew – or thought she knew – that that was exactly what the pair of them were doing, shook her head just the littlest bit, not wanting to disagree with Mr. Wiggins yet not wanting to admit to doubting their integrity either. Embarrassed, she kept her eyes lowered so as not to have to look directly at either of them, and couldn't help noticing that there was that same prominence along

the crease line of Mr. Wiggins' trousers where they pulled across the top of his leg that sometimes appeared there when she was about to be divested of her knickers, or pyjama bottoms – or swimming costume, perhaps. She crossed her fingers and whispered under her breath the fervent hope that Mr. Sinclair would be staying until well after bedtime – although Mr. Wiggins was getting on in years, the spirit, when it did move him, could be vigorous indeed, and she wasn't always put bottom-uppermost across the end of her just to have her bum smacked. Having to pretend, too, that it was a game called 'Bunny Rabbits and Burrows' that they were playing was almost the most embarrassing thing of all!

'– which is why, you see, I have her walking around the place like that. It's so that she's made to realise that her rude imaginings – that every man who sees her is interested only in what's inside her knickers – are a product simply of her own over-active femininity. Do you follow me, Mr. Sinclair?'

'Er – well yes, I think I do.' The man's expression belied his answer – plainly he did not follow Mr. Wiggins' tortuous logic. He sensed, however, that this was really only a game, and one that he might just as well play along with. 'So what you're saying, in a nutshell, is that if a girl – Lolly, for example – is made to recognise that it is actually all in her own mind – which, you say, can be achieved by, er – having her be in the company of those whom she suspects of harbouring, er, "sexual" thoughts, while she herself is unclothed –'

'Precisely, Mr. Sinclair,' nodded Mr. Wiggins.

'Er – well then –' Mr. Sinclair faltered, having lost the exceedingly tenuous thread of this pompous claptrap. His eyes wandered, as though for inspiration, to Lolly's damp young body, and in particular to the succulent plumpness pouting against the wet "top-pocket handkerchief" tied so insecurely around the girl's hips. 'Um –' Little bows on either side, and no more than a tug at the cord needed to have her – 'Er –' Inspiration did indeed come to his rescue. 'Well then, why is she wearing that rather provocative little costume, Mr. Wiggins?'

Mr. Wiggins looked enquiringly at Lolly's anxious face.

'Yes, Lolly dear – why are you wearing that, er, undoubtedly seductive pair of – pants, I suppose you'd have to call them? Hmm?'

Lolly shuffled her bare feet uneasily and stumbled around for an answer.

UPSTAIRS

'Well – you – you said you were expecting a visitor, Mr. Wiggins, sir, an' – and, well, I know I'm not allowed to wear anything – er – up here –' Her hands gestured nervously in the direction of her breasts, '– but, well, I thought it might be a bit rude of me, sir, if I went around absolutely – um – er – while your visitor was here. Um – sir.'

'Do you see, Mr. Sinclair? "Might be rather rude of me"? D'you see how this little sexpot's mind dwells on these things? Mr. Wiggins turned his amused glance upon Lolly again. Now then, Lolly my dear. I shall have to whip your naughty little bottom, shan't I?'

Lolly shook her head dumbly, pleading with her wide eyes not to be 'whipped' – perhaps to be spanked, but not "whipped", and Mr. Wiggins smiled an avuncular smile and said:

'Yes, "whipped", Lolly – I shall deal with you before bedtime. Meanwhile –' He leaned forward and plucked at the loose end of the bow at one of her hips. The knot fell undone, and the wet satin slipped from her pubes, still tucked between her close-pressed thighs but now lop-sided and concealing nothing. Reluctantly obedient to Mr. Wiggins obvious intention, Lolly's fingers went to the bow at the other hip and pulled, and the damp triangle, now upside-down, clung between her legs for a moment then slid to the floor with a sodden 'plop'.

Lolly's little secret, which she had coyly tucked away inside that silly costume in honour of Mr. Sinclair's visit, was unveiled, with the bloom of dampness upon it and as smooth and pink as though it had never been any other way.

Mr. Sinclair coughed, as if embarrassed by his own fascination. Mr. Wiggins smiled almost proudly, and in the shrubbery outside there was an interested rustle. Blushing a warm pink, Lolly somehow prevented her hands from slipping across her tummy to hide the humiliating nakedness of her pubes. She closed her eyes so that she wouldn't have to meet their mocking looks and made herself put her hands together behind her back, the soft smoothness of her wet buttocks against the backs of her fingers reminding her with a jolt of the "whipping" – how she hated that over-sibilant "wh-" with which he pronounced the word – that she had been promised for that evening.

'Hands on the window sill – and keep them there!'



She waits where she's been told to and, because she's learning the ropes she pulls her pants down as soon as she hears his footsteps on the bottom of the stairs.



False alarm. Left up there to think about what she's got coming – not that her poor bum needs any more; it's still got the marks of the caning he gave her after breakfast – she watches the milkman coming up the path and suddenly feels rather silly as he looks up and smiles at her.

She waves back half-heartedly, feeling as though somehow he must know that she's standing there half naked. Perhaps he *does* – for all she knows he might have seen dozens of girls up at that window in the mornings, and she wouldn't put it past her tutor to have told him –



She tries to keep the pain of the first one from showing on her face, because that nosey milkman is still down there, sitting in his electric float. The second one doesn't make keeping it a secret any easier!



Her bottom begins to wriggle – she can't help it – and she can feel her tears beginning to come. She wonders in a panicky kind of way whether a girl can cry, like she knows she's going to without it showing on her face.



A couple more and it's over – he leaves her there to think about it and she looks out of the window and sees the milkman trundle his float down the road. He leans out of the seat and gives her a cheery wave, just as if he knew after all!

The long summer evening was slipping steadily towards twilight, and the high wall alongside the garden path which led to the summer-house cast a cool shadow over the lawn beside the flag-stoned walk. At the end of the pathway, raised on a small mound with half a dozen steps leading up to its glazed door, the small octagonal building stood aloof from the rest of the garden, one of its windows still catching the warm ruby glow of the western sky where the sun was dipping behind a low bank of purple cloud. Bird called in the quietness, and distantly a dog barked, twice, and then no more.

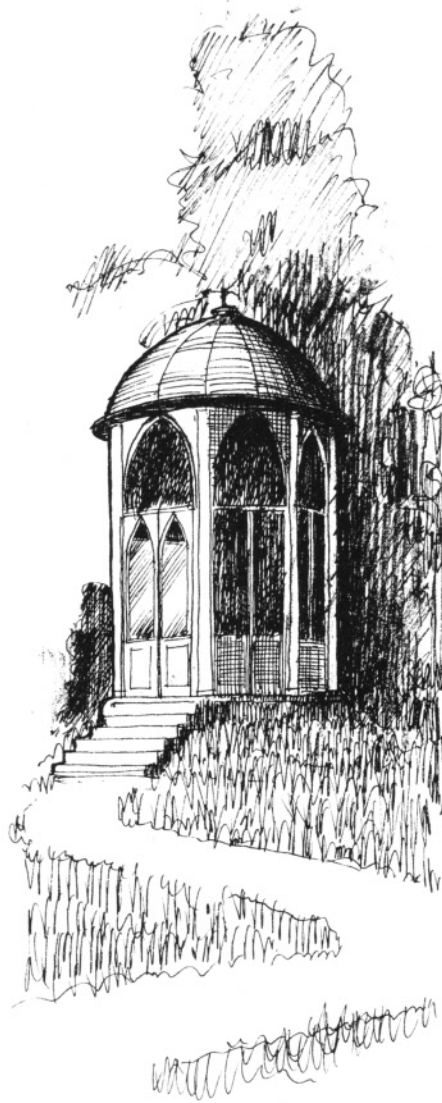
The gardener's heavy shoes made little noise on the path, and then none at all in the soft earth alongside the wall. They'd had her down there long enough to have got well started, and wouldn't notice his stealthy approach. There had been a series of plaintive little cries earlier on – he'd have been punishing her no doubt – but the cries had stopped, and there had been no sound from the summer-house for a good five minutes. Careful of his footing the gardener crept closer, until he could see everything there was to see.

Inside the glass-sided gazebo the air still held a reminder of the heat of the day, though it was rapidly cooling now. In a few minutes there would be enough chill in the air to prompt a little shiver, or to stiffen a girl's exposed nipples.

Lolly had already been dressed for bed when Mr. Wiggins had chivvied her along the path from the house – fortunately for that gentleman's local reputation there had been no possibility of a neighbour overlooking Lolly's progress down the path, a pace and a half ahead of her benefactor with the eager Mr. Sinclair in close attendance. In the summer-house now, the girl was still dressed for bed – which left rather a lot of her not dressed at all!

On days when she had been 'naughty' Lolly wasn't allowed to forget, even at bedtime, what a 'naughty' girl's bottom was really for in Mr. Wiggins' scheme of things. Pyjamas were forbidden her – instead she wore a nightie, which to the uninformed might not have seemed much like a nightie at all. Lolly's 'naughty girl' nighties were silken fripperies which, had there been more of them, would probably have been

LOLLY



very expensive but their cost had been minimised by the simple expedient of, cutting down on the quantity of material used. The nightie which Lolly was wearing was red silk, with minutely-crafted white lace edging. There were little puff sleeves, ruched into elastic at the tops of the arms, and a demure neck-line ran high across her chest, lace edged front and back. Around her body a silk-shrouded strip of elastic passed close up under each breast, and to this elastic the main 'body' of the garment was sewn, keeping the nightie close-fitting where it mat-

tered. Below the line of that elastic there was – nothing. Lolly's nightie, in fact, stopped just below the level of the under-side of her tits. There were no pants – it was not after all, supposed to be one of those 'baby doll' outfits. It was for sleeping in, and not intended to be suggestive. The garment's designer had been aware, of course, of the provocative appearance that impudent young nipples under tightly-fitted silk would present, and he had solved the problem discreetly by simply removing the material from places where it was likely to give undue emphasis to the girl's body contours. Lolly's tits' freedom from the restricting silk was, accordingly, strictly in the interests of diminishing the otherwise rather seductive look the nightie would have lent them; the designer was to be applauded too for his good taste in allowing the girl's breasts themselves to escape the confines of the garment instead of merely leaving peep-holes for the nipples alone, which might have looked merely vulgar.

The two men were presently engaged in some discussion pertaining to the property transfer which Mr. Sinclair had come down to finalise. They were seated on wicker chairs, and each had a copy of the papers. Whereas Mr. Wiggins appeared not to be much interested in the summer-house's one other occupant – he at least gave that impression – Mr. Sinclair could not have claimed the same degree of detachment. Constantly his attention was distracted by little sounds which slipped past Lolly's parted lips every few moments – quiet gasps, pantings and breathings with an urgent quality which made them impossible for him to ignore. Manfully he struggled to keep abreast of the conversation, yet all the time he lagged further behind.

Lying on a window sill close by Mr. Wiggins' chair was a slim bundle of twigs, each long and straight, the whole bound together by a length of garden twine at one end while at the other the twigs fanned out a little, their ends partially stripped of their thin bark in a haphazard, uneven way. There were four or five twigs in the switch, each chosen with care by the gardener an hour before with an eye to their straightness, their slenderness, and their potential for stinging the buttocks to which they were to be applied. Brought down across the palm of his work-

hardened hand, the completed switch had imparted enough of a smart to make him chary of doing the same thing again – how much more of a sting would they lend to Lolly's tender little bum!

On the floor of the summer-house, scattered widely across the Italian marble tiles, were scores of bark flakes which had been flicked off the twigs by the switch's application to the girl's naked bum-cheeks. Several such flakes were presently sprinkled on the calves of Lolly's legs, where she knelt on a wicker stool; indeed a number of them still stuck to her punished buttocks and one had lodged indiscreetly between the very cheeks themselves.

Evidence of the gardener's artistry in the making of switches for naughty girls' bottoms was emblazoned around the chubby under-curves of Lolly's saucy little bum. Scores of short, thin, tapering marks, thickening towards the right-hand flank of each cheek where the twigs' tips had stung harder, streaked across the reddened skin in uni-directional swathes whose tails were crimson and whose tips were tiny blisters of reddish-mauve. Where the sharp darts left by the whipping angled in toward the conjunction of thighs, bottom-cleft and under-buttock creases, there, perhaps, was evidence of Mr. Wiggins' wish to ensure that Lolly's bottom was most 'stimulated', most 'titilated', in those places closest to that moist little runnel between her legs to which, if his theories were to be believed, all the faults in Lolly's character might be traced back.

The stool creaked as Lolly shifted her weight to ease the discomfort in her knees, her thighs slipping apart as she re-adjusted her balance on the narrow seat. Both Mr. Sinclair and Lolly's benefactor looked up at the sound; Lolly wished instantly that she had simply kept still and suffered the hurt in her knees, because with the same easy nonchalance which he affected whenever he was actually quite determined about something, Mr. Wiggins reached out to the window sill and took up the switch, it's long twigs shivering as for a moment he held it balanced in his hand before re-adjusting his grip ready to use it.

'I'm not sure you're really trying, Lolly dear,' he said mildly.

'Oo – ooh – I am, sir – honestly –!' Her bottom tweaked nervously as the twigs were slapped gently

along a line of aim. 'Please sir – I am!'

'Hands on your head please, Lolly.'

'Ooh – sir –!'

'On your head, my pet! Lolly's hands folded themselves reluctantly across each other on her head and her whipped little bottom trembled as she shifted her knees again. 'Come along now –' Lolly's gack curved inwards as she pushed her bottom gingerly out behind, the creases under her buttocks melting into soft smoothness as the skin there tautened.

Casually Mr. Wiggins let the switch curve briskly around Lolly's expectant bum – really no more than a swift flick from the wrist, yet it made the girl yelp and wobble dangerously on her perch. Timorously one hand, then the other, sneaked back towards her bottom, fingers feeling for the fresh little marks amongst all the others.

'Hands out of the way, Lolly,' said Mr. Wiggins coaxingly. Lolly's timid hands went back to their assigned place on her head, and then the switch caught her flinching bum again, the tips of the twigs cunningly aimed so that one of them, longer than the others, flexed neatly along the line of one buttock's underside crease and dipped around the inner curve at the very top of the inside of her thigh. Lolly's frantic little squeal confirmed the accurate placing of Mr. Wiggins' stroke! The girl dived her hands down between her legs and a finger groped gingerly for the place where the very tip of the switch had caught her, her bottom-cheeks flinching at the same time as they were played with by the twigs again. She panted in fright, thinking that he was about to give her another stroke, but he slapped her bottom a few more times with the switch's tip then put it back on the window sill.

'Now then – perhaps you'll try harder, my pet.' Said Mr. Wiggins. 'It doesn't usually take you this long, does it?'

Lolly's buttocks softened as she realised that she wasn't going to get another flick – at least not yet. Dutifully she tried again, the one hand she didn't have to use for it wandering round to her bottom and touching hesitantly at the sorest places as she shook her head in answer to Mr. Wiggins' embarrassing question. Mr. Sinclair caught her eye and she blushed

more than ever, because now he had been let into another little secret.

Up in her bedroom, with the bedside lamp glowing softly and Mr. Wiggins being patient with her, coaxing her and only smacking her bottom if she was silly enough to let him think she was actually enjoying it – well, it really wasn't so awful, even though she was still a bit shy about letting him see her do it. But here in the summer-house, with Mr. Sinclair there too, and that horrible twiggy thing – Lolly squeezed her eyes shut and tried to make it happen, because the sooner she did the sooner she'd be allowed to scamper away to her room, out of range of the switch.

Five minutes elapsed, and then ten had slipped by, and slowly the mens' conversation lapsed. Lolly's whispered admission, which Mr. Wiggins made her repeat, that she thought she was going to do it, sir, in just a moment or two, had faded into breathlessness, her lips apart, her face flushed, her eyes half-lidded – her hips beginning a gentle, rhythmic, forward and back rocking which made her stool creak in time with her movements. Mr. Wiggins caught Mr. Sinclair's eye and put his finger to his lips, enjoining silence, and in that silence Lolly trembled and panted to a muted, embarrassed little climax.

Lolly opened her eyes slowly, her cheeks pinkening as full awareness returned and she found herself the focus of her two witnesses' attention. Mr. Wiggins' hand reached unhurriedly for the switch, and Lolly licked her lips nervously, mute pleading in her eyes, but such demonstrations of a girl's wilfulness in ignoring the morality that her benefactor had been pretending to teach her since she had been with him could not, of course, go unpunished.

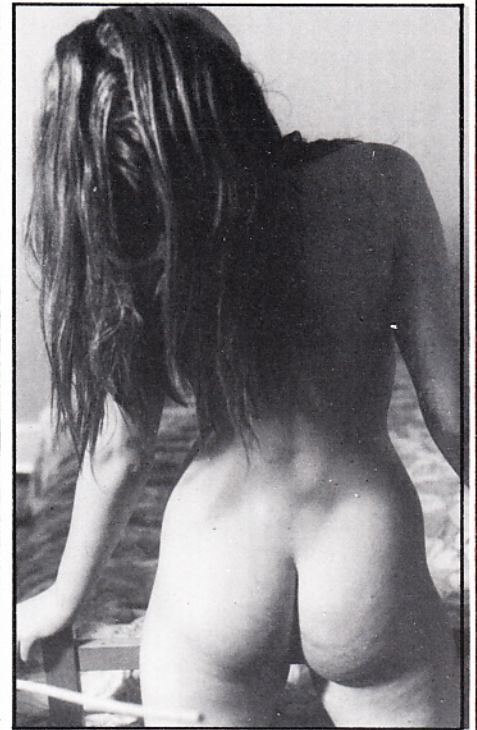
Reluctantly Lolly presented her whipped little bum as before, her hands back on her head again, and she was given six hard, painful strokes. She wept copiously for several minutes on end, allowed now that the shipping was over to rub at her bottom and taking rueful advantage of the indulgence. And then, with a condescending smile from Mr. Wiggins, she was dismissed. The two men watched in silence as she went out of the summer-house and up the path, her hot young bottom bobbing behind her.

CHRISTINE

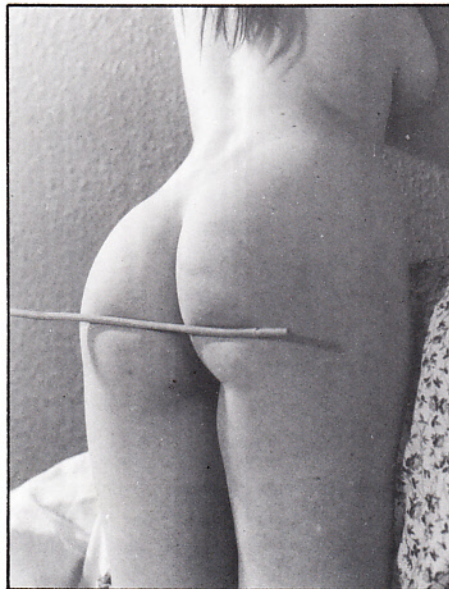
Christine has been locked in her room since lunch-time on this, her first full day at Mr. Fordyce's house. Her bottom has stopped smarting from the spankings she got this morning, but all day long the sounds of the other girls being harried around the house by Barnes, the butler, and punished – one of them almost every half-hour, it has seemed – by Mr. Fordyce, has increased her anxiety about the forthcoming encounter with Eric, the 'friend of the family' whose idea it was that she should be sent away for a course of 'disciplinary treatment'.

Right now, from along the hall, she can hear Rosalind's cries as her bottom is spanked, and before that it was young Lucy's squeals she had been obliged to listen to. Jasmine too must have been punished – she heard her weeping earlier, but now there is an ominous silence from the direction of her room. Christine doesn't really like to think what *that* might mean!

Barnes came up a little while ago to send her for her bath – since then she has waited on tenter-hooks, not knowing anything for sure and imagination being all the more vivid for the uncertainty. Suddenly Eric is at the bedroom door –



Between her gasps she mews miserably to be let off any more, but that's what girls always do. Experience – and Eric has plenty of that – takes no notice of such naive attempts to undermine the punisher's resolve.



She tries to defend her bottom but she really doesn't have the will any longer. Eric keeps her under control without effort and spanks her some more.



Christine looks back nervously over her shoulder every time she hears the swish of the cane, not knowing whether its coming or whether its no more than Eric's teasing. Each time she is made to face the wall again, to wait in uninformed anguish for the inevitable arrival of the cane across her helpless bum.

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Christine has difficulty keeping her bum still – only the threat of more strokes, and harder, persuades her to restrain her perfectly natural skittishness long enough for Eric to give her another one –

The tenderest bits of her bottom are picked out in stripey crimson. Eric's aim tends always to be centred on these rubescent beacons – they are hot to the touch as he pats and slaps her bottom back into place each time she swerves her buttocks away after a stinger.



Christine's tears, and the wigglyness of her bottom, do little to alleviate her distress – unfortunately for her, neither do they diminish her uncle's determination to make her wriggle all the more!

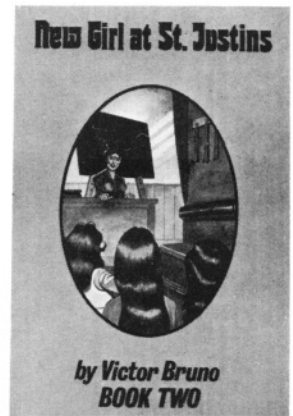
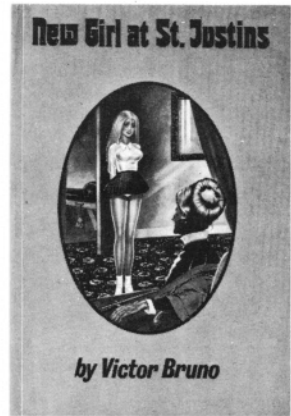
Well-punished, that's the only way to describe *this* pair of buttocks! No doubt an experience which Christine would go to great lengths not to have to repeat – whether such willingness to please will actually save her bottom from further doses in the future has to be regarded as doubtful, of course.



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AUTHOR'S NOTE

The main narrative of 'New Girl at St. Justine's' is written in the third person. There are, however, a number of chapters written in the first person . . . by those involved in this story.

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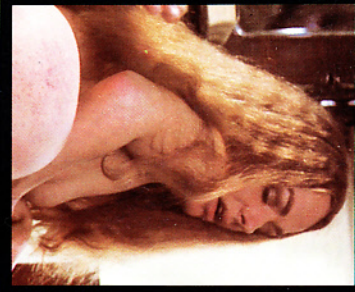
LUCY: sent to Mr Fordyce's establishment for 'correction', Lucy imagines she must have done something dreadfully wrong to deserve all the punishments she gets - in fact her only fault is that of virginal innocence, an irresistible lure to a disciplinarian, provided with written authority to take her knickers down on any pretext whatsoever.



CHRISTINE: a wealthy 'friend of the family' has his eye on Christine, but first she'll have to be 'educated' - Christine's blameless young and this is just the beginning!



JASMINE: packed off for a week's disciplinary training by a father who is tired of having his student daughter under his feet when he's trying to seduce the new housemaid, Jasmine has been through it all before, but it doesn't make spankings hurt any less!



ROSALIND: a girl who thought she'd come home from her expensive boarding school to a break from carings and knickers-down slippings. Unfortunately her school report preceded her and she's back at Mr Fordyce's for the second time in three terms - still having to take her knickers down!



Mr FORDYCE, the experienced disciplinarian. FREDDE, who pops round to keep his hand in.

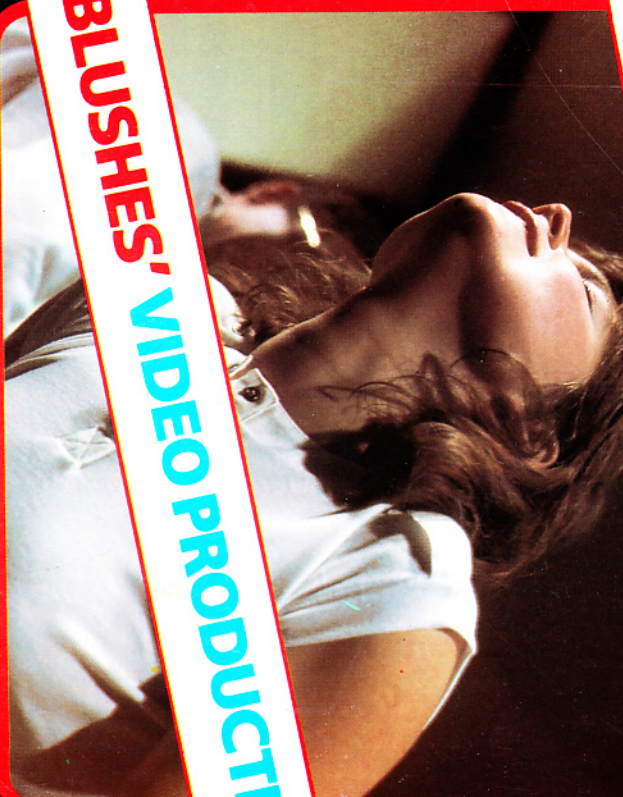
BARNES, the handyman, butler and general pincher of bare bottoms. ERIC, the voyeur who doesn't mind helping out with reluctant young ladies.

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